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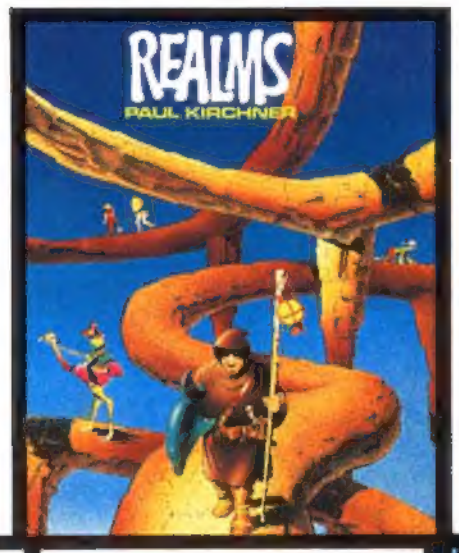

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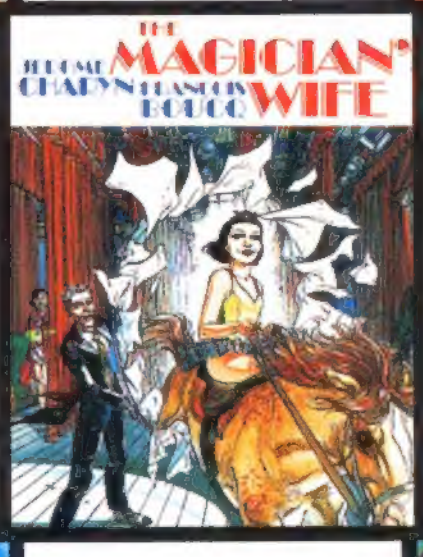

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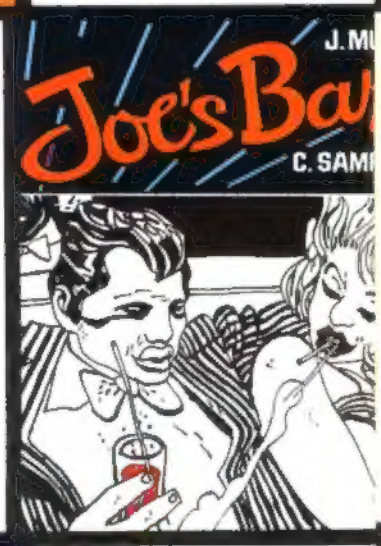

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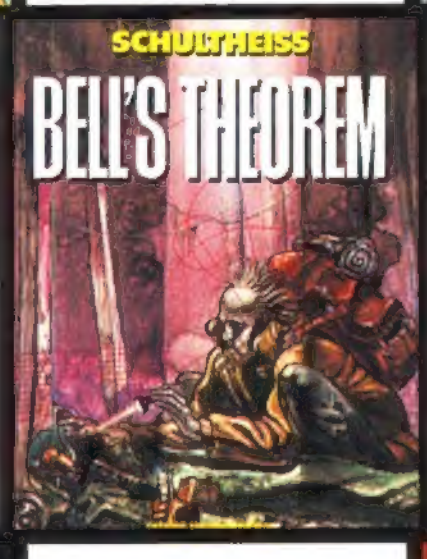

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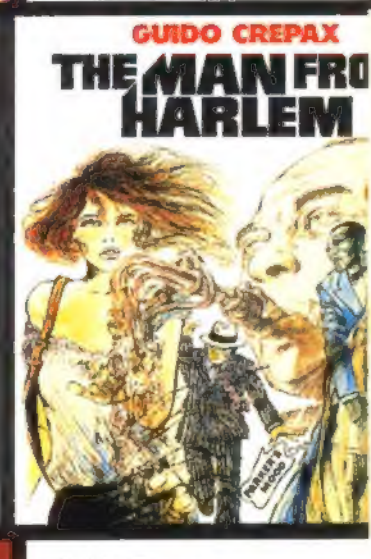

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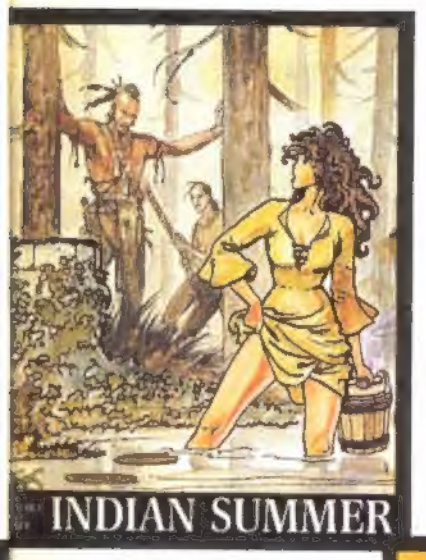

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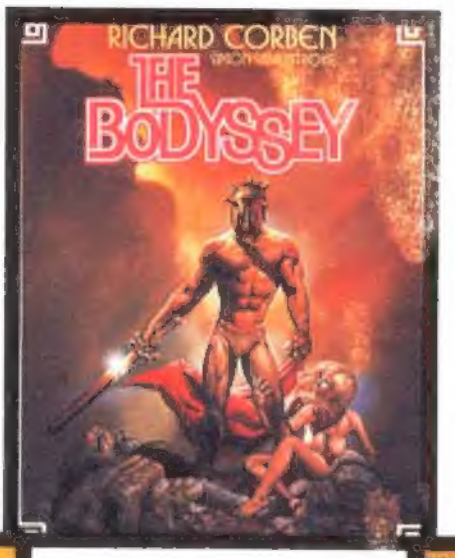

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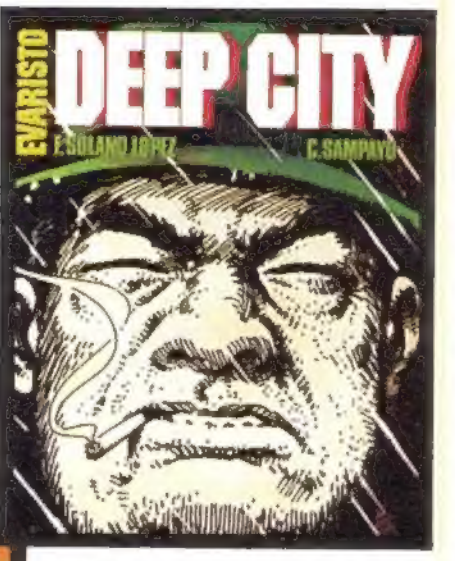

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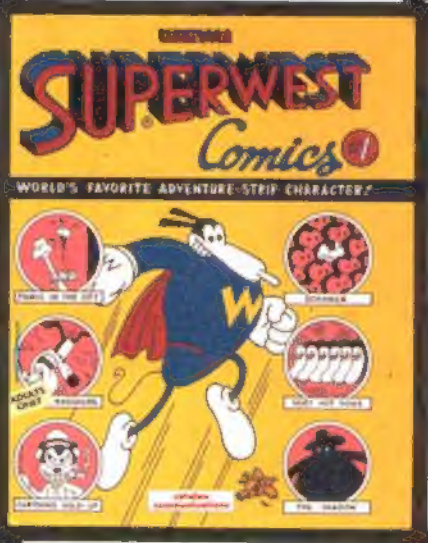

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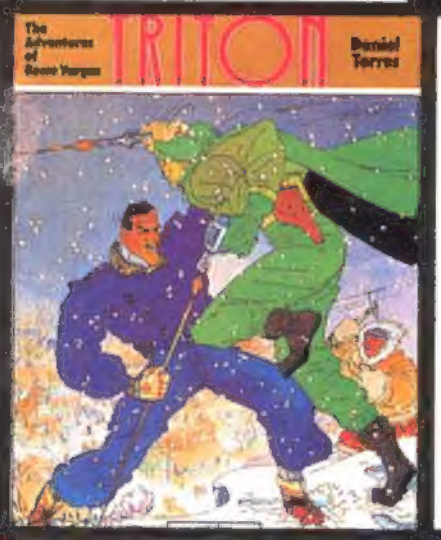

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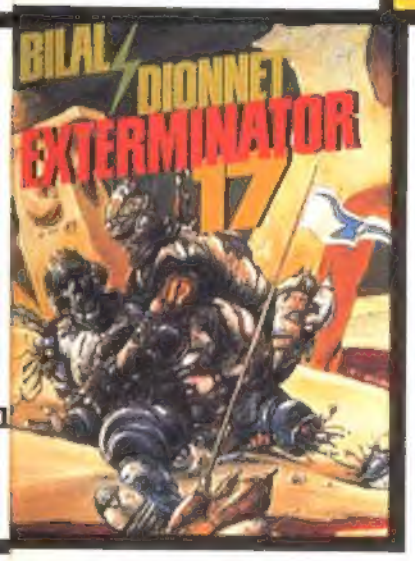

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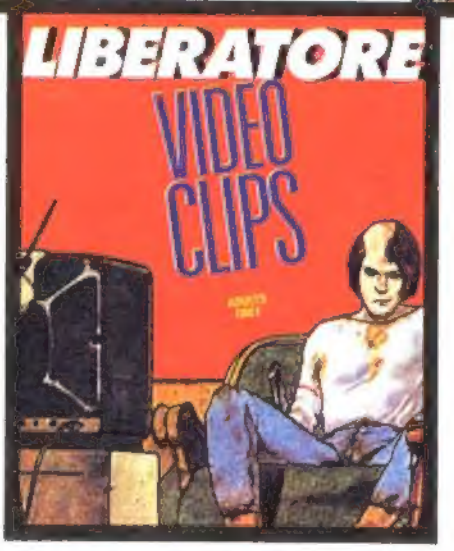

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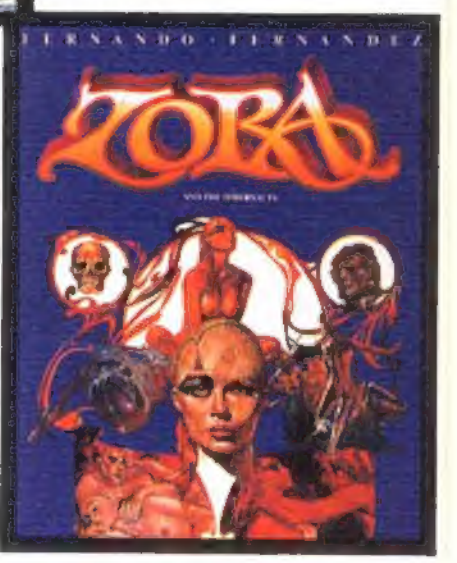

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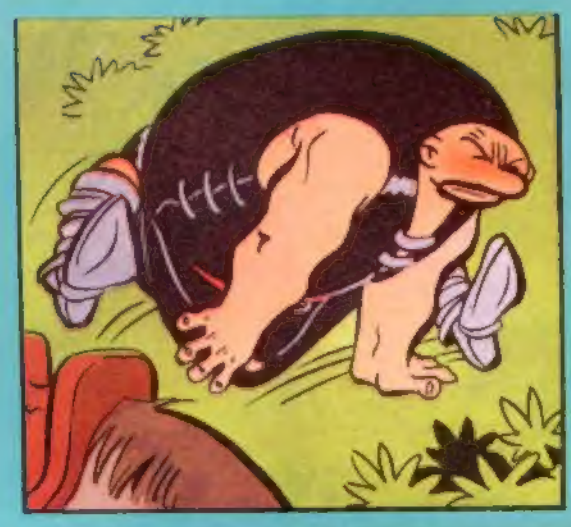

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EDITORIAL

From Perigee to Perilune

In the beginning, there was Arzach. *Heavy Metal*'s beginning (April 1977), and Jean "Moebius" Giraud's Arzach. As the spelling changed from Harzak to Arzak to Harzakc to Harzac to Harzack, this odd dude and his albino bird led us over the surface of a pantomime planet. Minus sound effects and dialogue, the four-issue flight was a supersonic short hop through a cumulus consciousness. With Arzach we had penetrated the perimeters of the supersensory Moebius airspace, and far below the Arzach Universe was arrayed before us, all details enhanced and clearly visible. But where had we been? Where were we going?

And with such an Arzachian angle at the outset, where was *HM* going? Arzach (if, indeed, that is his name) is an enigmatic and unforgettable character who set the tone for *HM*, putting immense cranium cogs and gears of the imagination in motion. Arzach was off and flying. So was *HM*. So were we. While others held boarding passes for a magical Molly Brett passenger pigeon or waited for a fairy fly-past, we were astride a white pterosaur. Possibly by charting a course from the lair of painter/illustrator/author Elihu Vedder (1836–1923), we could cross the threshold. And so, in 1977, we sailed from perigee to perilune and plummeted headfirst into the maw of Moebius. A decade later, after many rereadings, I still turn first to the *Arzach* episodes when I pull those now-tattered early *HM*s from the shelf.

Characters come and go. Some, such as Arzach or the cabdriver in Mary Chase's *Harvey*, may appear only briefly yet remain indelible. Some, such as Tarzan and The Shadow, depart, return, and depart again. Some, such as Ripley in *Alien*, impact and impress to the extent that we won't let them march away. Ripley's return in *Aliens* now seems inevitable, but even if the sequel had never been filmed, Ripley would have been brought to life again and again as cassettes unspooled into the night.

Some characters achieve multimedia stardom. Since 1930 Blondie and Dagwood have appeared not only in comic strips but also on radio and television (both live-action and animated), in movies, comic books, and a novel. Some, like Krazy Kat, are such personal creations that they cannot survive after their creator's death, as was evidenced by Dell's effort in 1951 (seven years after George Herriman died) to keep the Kat going. Others, such as Stan MacGovern's Silly Milly, suffer an undeserved neglect. From her featured position in the *New York Post* throughout the forties, the unsyndicated Milly offered topical humor, views on the news, and surreal asides. Today, except for a half-dozen strips reprinted in *Nemo Annual: Screwball Comics* (Fantagraphics Books, 1985) and one or two other publications, Milly has faded into the mists. Other characters, such as Amos and Andy, became the victims of changing times, yet the *Amos 'n' Andy* radio show once had an audience so vast that movie theaters could not compete. They solved the problem by scheduling movies to end at 7:00, aired the fifteen-minute radio show through theater speaker systems, and then continued with the next showing of the movie.

Radio drama/comedy and comics are direct opposites. Radio drama has sound effects, spoken dialogue, music—but no pictures. Comics have pictures—but no sound. These complementary aspects encouraged tie-ins, and listeners could summon up images of the strip characters as they twisted knobs to hear Buck Rogers, Maggie and Jiggs, Buster Brown, Dick Tracy, Flash Gordon, the Gumps, Joe Palooka, Li'l Abner, Little Orphan Annie, Major Hoople, Mandrake the Magician, Red Ryder, Smilin' Jack, Terry and the Pirates, and more. Curiously, while these radio shows were adapted from the more successful strips, this situation was usually reversed with comic books: characters such as Captain Midnight and Sergeant Preston appeared in comic books only after they had been well established on radio. Such linkages may have been strongest in the case of Isabel Manning Hewson. As the writer/producer/narrator of *Land of the Lost* (aired by ABC beginning in 1944) and the scripter of EC's *Land of the Lost* comic book (illustrated by Olive Bailey), she maintained a consistency of characters and stories in both, duplicating the storylines. She also received credit for the story in the 1948 *Land of the Lost* animated short. The control Hewson exercised over *Land of the Lost* enabled her to actually become a fantasy fiction character: she wrote herself (as a little girl) into both the comic book and radio storylines. Each week Isabel and her friend Billy traveled underwater with a glowing red fish named Red Lantern, tour guide to all "of-fish-ally lost" objects beneath the waves. Today, Red Lantern has himself become "of-fish-ally lost" and forgotten, even though the radio actor who brought him to life was Art Carney.

Like real people, some characters only have their allotted fifteen minutes of fame, but the countdown of the characters, famed or forgotten, continues. There are pulp characters (Doc Savage) and animation characters (the menacing Stromboli of *Pinocchio*) fondly remembered by many. There are classic characters (Ahab) and the memorable characters of contemporary fiction (Eugene Gant, Prew Prewitt, Sophie Zawistowska). There are the striking characters Philip K. Dick created for both his science fiction (Mr. Tagomi of *The Man in the High Castle*) and his mainstream fiction (twenty-year-old Mary Anne Reynolds of *Mary and the Giant*). The latter represents yet another character category. Dick's mainstream fiction was not published during his lifetime. Dormant since 1953–60, when the books were written, Mary Anne Reynolds, Milton Lumky, and the other unique Dickian personalities have finally been allowed to live and breathe.

Perhaps all these characters are coming back, surrounding us, engulfing us. Through *Nemo* magazine the old strip characters return. If you have a library card, you can get an interlibrary loan of any book or microfilmed newspaper you want. (Think of it—*any* book!) Movie cassettes are stacking up near VCRs. *Heavy Metal* has given us ten years' worth of European comics characters speaking our own language. The characters of EC and other comic books are now available in slipcased hardbacks. The growing audiocassette market continues to tune in those long-ago voices from Radio's Golden Age. Countless characters in an endless parade.

Look out! Here comes everybody!

—Bhob

Bhob is the editor of Focus on Wallace Wood, *a forthcoming Fantagraphics Book covering the many characters created over five decades by the writer-artist Wally Wood.*

FREDDY LOMBARD

by Yves Chaland

ON A SMALL ROAD IN THE ARDENNE MOUNTAINS IN BELGIUM, A CAR IS TRAVELING AT TOP SPEED TOWARD SEDAN...

INSIDE ARE FREDDY LOMBARD AND HIS FRIENDS, SWEEP AND DINA...

THE FUEL TANK IS EMPTY AND THE MOTOR IS SHOWING SIGNS OF GREAT DISTRESS...

I'LL BE VERY SURPRISED IF WE GET TO SEDAN.

TELL ME SOMETHING SWEEP, WAS IT YOUR...

YOU'RE RIGHT, DINA! AND MY IDEA WAS GOOD.

THIS OLD PIECE OF JUNK COST US MUCH LESS THAN RENTING A CAR! ANYWAY, LET'S TALK ABOUT THIS WHEN WE GET TO SEDAN!

?

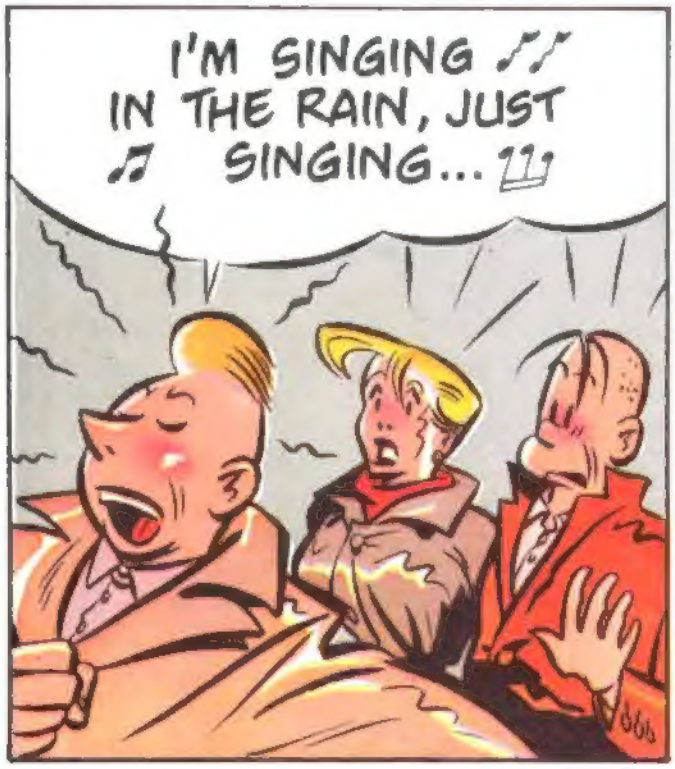
BANG

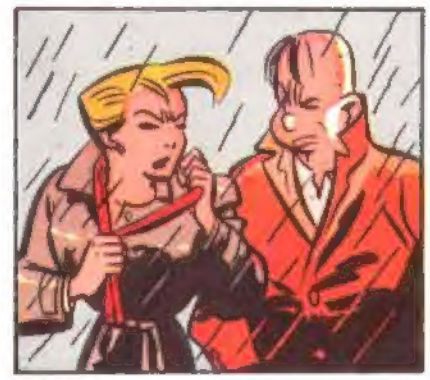
THE RADIATOR HOSE JUST EXPIRED!

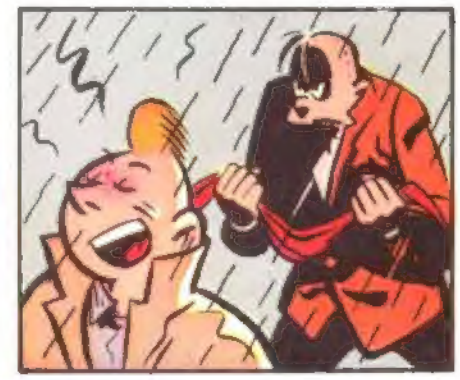
MAY IT REST IN PEACE.

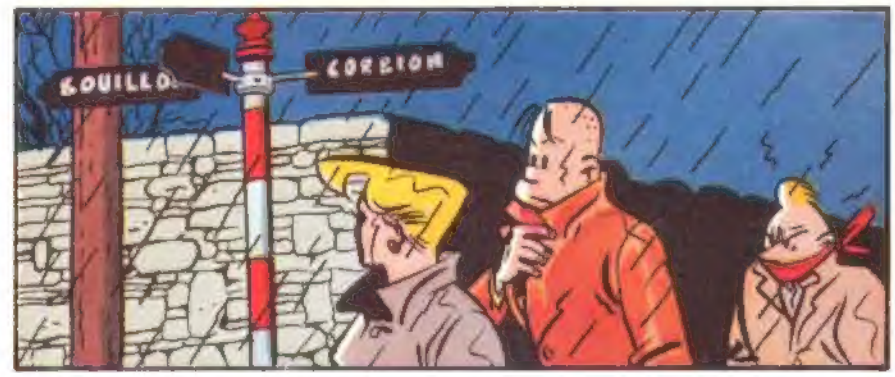
WE'RE ABOUT TWO MILES FROM BOUILLON.
WE CAN WALK IT. LET'S PUSH THE CAR INTO THE DITCH.
PLAN

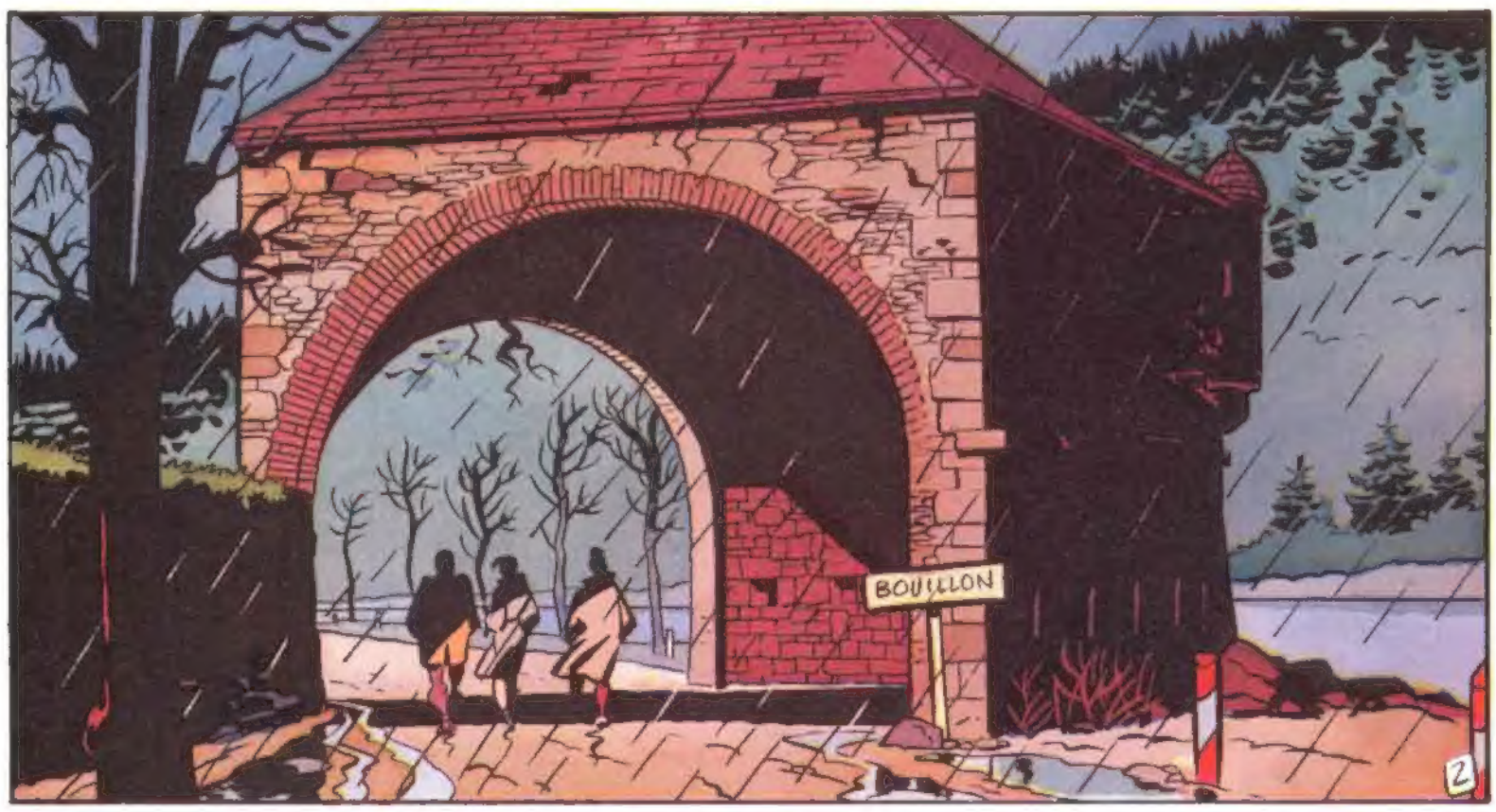
ONE, TWO, ONE, TWO! THIS REMINDS ME OF WHEN I WAS IN THE BOY SCOUTS.


I'M SINGING IN THE RAIN, JUST SINGING...



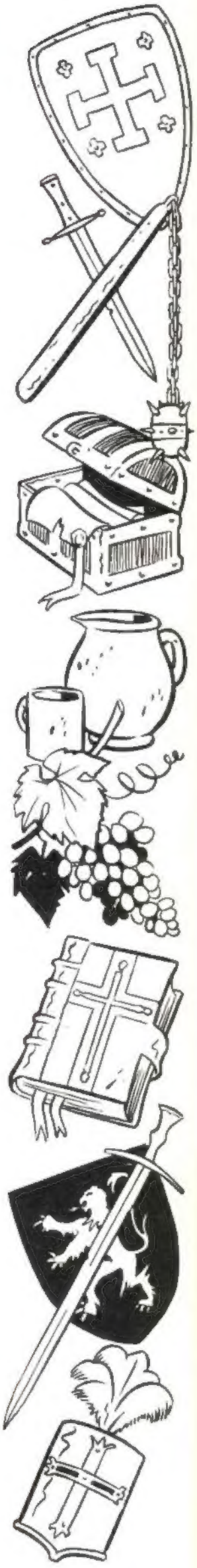



BOUILLO
CORBION


BOUILLON
2

MHH! WHAT A DELICIOUS SMELL YOU HAVE HERE, INNKEEPER!
I HAVE A RABBIT STEW. IT'S VERY GOOD.

I WONDER IF THESE ARE HONEST CITIZENS, WALKING AROUND LIKE THIS OUT OF SEASON! WHAT DO YOU THINK, MY LORD?
HA, HA, HA! YOU'RE AN INCORRIGIBLE SNOOP, BUT YOUR STEW IS DELICIOUS.



SWEEP, YOU HAVE OUR STASH...HOW MUCH DO WE HAVE LEFT?

OUR STASH?

COUGH! COUGH!

COUGH!

DON'T CHOKE ON YOUR DINNER!

COUGH!

COUGH!

WE HAVEN'T A CENT! ALL OF OUR DOUGH WENT FOR THE CAR.

HEY!

I HEARD THAT, YOU DEADBEATS! IF YOU DON'T PAY ME I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

AND I'LL FILE A COMPLAINT BECAUSE YOU TRIED TO POISON THE STEW. .

WHAT! THIS IS REALLY TOO MUCH! HE HAS THE GALL TO INSULT MY COOKING? !

NOT SO FAST, EVERYONE! HOW MUCH DO THESE NEER-DO-WELLS OWE YOU?

OH, MY LORD, YOU ARE MY WITNESS THAT ...

HOW MUCH DO THEY OWE YOU?

IF THE LADY AND GENTLEMAN ARE YOUR FRIENDS, THEN IT'S A DIFFERENT STORY, MY LORD.

LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF, I AM GEORGE BOUILLON, DIRECT DESCENDANT FROM GODEFROY OF BOUILLON, THE CRUSADER.

BOUILLON

OX

?

?

4

MAY I SIT AT YOUR TABLE? I HAVE SOME WORK FOR YOU IF YOU'D LIKE IT. I'D LIKE YOU TO DO SOME EXCAVATIONS I'LL PAY YOU 30 FRANCS A DAY EACH.

EXCAVATIONS?

IN 1096 MY ANCESTOR, BEFORE LEAVING ON A CRUSADE TO CONQUER THE BURIAL PLACE OF JESUS CHRIST, GAVE HIS SON BALDWIN A BIBLE, WHICH HAS BEEN HANDED DOWN FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

GODEFROY'S BEQUEST HAS ALWAYS REMAINED A MYSTERY, BECAUSE ONE PAGE WAS MISSING FROM THE BIBLE. AFTER A LENGTHY RESEARCH I FINALLY FOUND IT IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE COUNT OF FLANDERS, IN GAND. THE PLAN OF A CRYPT IS DRAWN ON THE BACK ... HMMM, THIS CLARET IS PRETTY GOOD!

I SEE THAT I'VE AROUSED YOUR INTEREST. WOULD YOU LIKE TO PARTICIPATE IN A TREASURE HUNT?

LOWER YOUR VOICE... YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT A TREASURE.

TOILETTES

GODEFROY HAD SOLD ALL HIS POSSESSIONS AND AMASSED A COLOSSAL FORTUNE TO ORGANIZE HIS CRUSADE. EVEN THOUGH HIS FAITH REMAINED FIRM, HE MUST HAVE HAD SOME DOUBT ABOUT THE OUTCOME, BECAUSE HE LEFT INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS SON IN THE BIBLE TELLING HIM TO ORGANIZE A SECOND CRUSADE IF THE FIRST ONE WERE TO FAIL. I THINK HE MUST HAVE HIDDEN PART OF HIS TREASURE IN THE CRYPT, SO THAT HIS SON COULD CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS.

VERY INTRIGUING!

HEAVENS!!

BUT WHY DID BALDWIN NEVER LOOK FOR THE CRYPT?

BECAUSE THAT FAMOUS PAGE WAS TORN OUT OF THE BOOK. I MUST ADD THAT THE PERSON WHO STOLE IT COULD NEVER HAVE DECIPHERED THE INSTRUCTIONS BECAUSE THEY ARE TIED TO VERSES IN THE BIBLE. ALL THIS TALKING IS MAKING ME VERY THIRSTY!

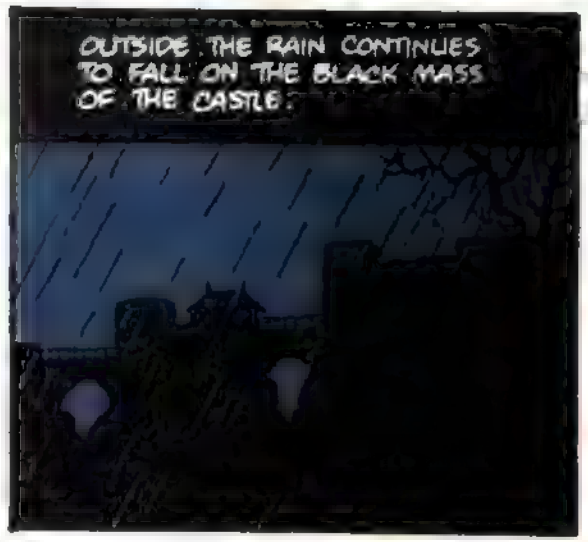
HE, HE, THAT TREASURE WILL BE MINE, OR MY NAME IS NOT MORBUS!

5

LATER...
I'M ALREADY TIRED THINKING OF ALL THE WORK WE HAVE TO DO TOMORROW
GOOD-NIGHT!

IN THE NEXT ROOM...
SO CLOSE TO THE END... I CAN'T POSSIBLY SLEEP. HERE'S TO YOU, MY DEAR OLD GODEFROY!

FREDDY LOMBARD FALLS INTO A DEEP SLEEP...
Z Z


OUTSIDE THE RAIN CONTINUES TO FALL ON THE BLACK MASS OF THE CASTLE.

DREAMS ARE SOMETIMES GREAT SHORT-CUTS... ALL OF A SUDDEN, FREDDY'S DREAM TAKES HIM BACK A FEW CENTURIES...

I MUST TELL YOU ABOUT THE BLONDE ISOLDE...

GOOD HEAVENS ! HEAR SOME IRON CLASHING NOT FAR FROM HERE !

LET'S GO!

STRENGTHEN YOUR HEARTS! WE HAVE TO SAVE SOME CHRISTIAN BLOOD!

HEY! WAIT FOR US!

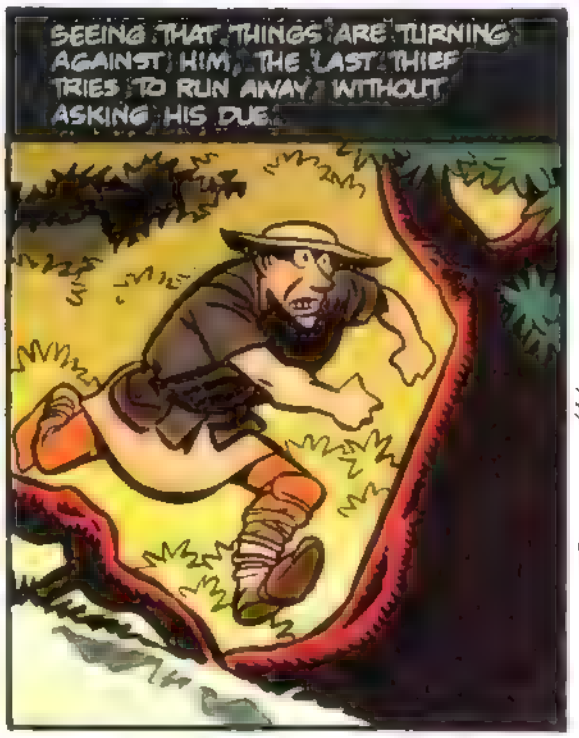
I HAVE TO ATTACK AT THE RIGHT MOMENT....THE YOUNG, RICHLY DRESSED YOUNG MAN AND THE GIANT MUST BE THE CHRISTIANS.

TAKE HEART! TAKE HEART!

STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, YOU ANIMAL!

BOUM

JUST WHEN THE BRUTE IS ABOUT TO GIVE THE FATAL PLUNGE...
AHHGHH!
ZZZZ


SEEING THAT THINGS ARE TURNING AGAINST HIM, THE LAST THIEF TRIES TO RUN AWAY WITHOUT ASKING HIS DUE.

ZZZZZ

I THINK WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!
8

HE'S IN SHOCK! I DON'T THINK I CAN REVIVE HIM.

TELL ME, FIERCE GIANT, WHAT IS YOUR MASTER'S NAME?

MHHH....

WHERE AM I? WHERE AM I?

THE GIANT POINTS TO A DARK MASS OF A CASTLE IN THE DISTANCE.

THE GIANT POINTS TO A DARK MASS OF A CASTLE IN THE DISTANCE.

AHRGGHH!...

STOP MOANING, FREDDY, IT'S VERY TIRE-SOME.

I'M NOT MOANING AT ALL! AND WHO ARE YOU, SIR?

C..COME C CLOSER. I HAVE TO TALK TO YOU...

I...I AM PETER THE HERMIT....MY END IS NEAR..GODEFROY IS NOT DEAD, IS HE?...

YOU WILL TELL HIM THAT HE MUST CONTINUE MY WORK. HE MUST FIGHT FIRST AGAINST HIMSELF, AND THEN AGAINST THE TURCS IN JERUSALEM, TO FREE THE BURIAL PLACE OF JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD. AMEN ... ARGHHH!

HE'S DEAD!

9

BALDWIN, THE DUKE'S YOUNG SON, IS SLOWLY ABSORBING THE TEACHINGS OF HIS TUTOR, MORBUS.

HO!

'SCUSE ME!

BY SAINT CHRISTOPHER.. FATHER!

FATHER!! WHAT HAPPENED??

SSST SILENCE PLEASE!

I MUST SAY THAT WE'VE ALSO HAD A VERY GOOD EARLY HUNTING SEASON!

I BEG YOU! TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED.

IT'S THE WORK OF SOME LOWLY BRIGANDS PETER THE HERMIT WAS KILLED.

.. AND YOUR FATHER SEEMS TO BE IN BAD SHAPE..

GLOU GLOU

WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT WINE STRENGTHENS THE BLOOD?

. ! FEEL IN SPLENDID SHAPE

MISSED AGAIN!

11

THE YOUNG BALDWIN COURTEOUSLY TAKES FREDDY ON A TOUR OF THE CASTLE.

I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO MY TUTOR. HE'S A LITTLE OLD FASHIONED, BUT VERY KIND.

TWEET! TWEET!

MY PLAN IS SO SIMPLE: FIRST, I KILL GODEFROY...

...THEN I ELIMINATE HIS WIFE, HIS SON AND A FEW DOZEN RELATIVES! THIRD, I TAKE OVER THE DOUCHY OF BOUILLON! HA! HA! HA!

I WILL BE MASTER...

MASTER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WELL...I...JUST A LITTLE EXERCISE! IT'S VERY GOOD FOR YOU.

CRAC

YOU SEE, IT'S ALL VERY NORMAL, HA HA!

?

A LITTLE LATER...

I WILL RAVENGE MYSELF! I WILL!

12

SWEEP IN THE MEANTIME TELLS GODEFROY ABOUT THE TRAGIC DEMISE OF PETER THE HERMIT...

HIS LAST WORDS WERE DIRECTED TO YOU, "HE MUST FIGHT AGAINST HIMSELF AND THEN AGAINST THE TURCS...."

MAY GOD KEEP HIS SOUL!

HE WAS AN OLD FRIEND... HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE POOR PEOPLE'S CRUSADE? ....THANKS.

NO.

LAST YEAR, PETER THE HERMIT, AT THE HEAD OF A MAKE-SHIFT ARMY, LED AN EXPEDITION THAT WAS TO DELIVER THE HOLY SEPULCHRE FROM THE TURCS. ALAS! IT ENDED IN A MASSACRE!

WHY DID HE TELL YOU TO FIGHT AGAINST YOURSELF?

WELL... OH!

DON'T MOVE!

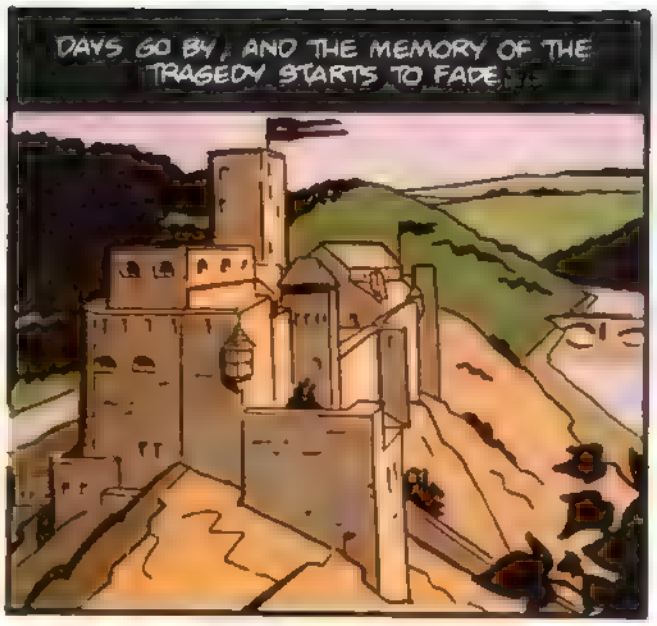
CRAC

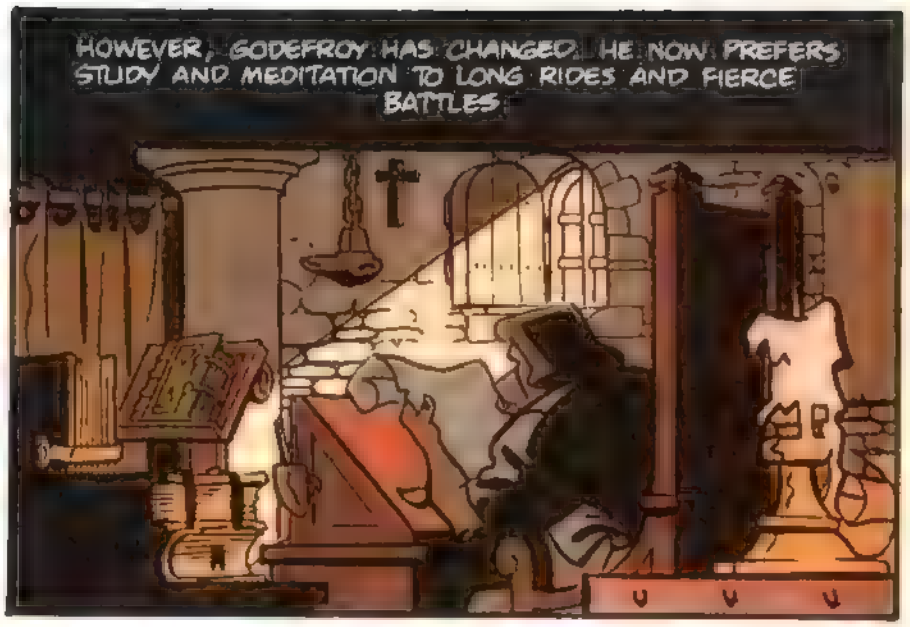
A BIG BLACK SPIDER! DID YOU SEE IT?...YES.. WELL, PETER THOUGHT THAT I DRANK TOO MUCH, BUT I CAN'T THINK WHAT LED HIM TO BELIEVE THAT...IT WAS THAT HOLY MAN'S ONLY FIXATION...

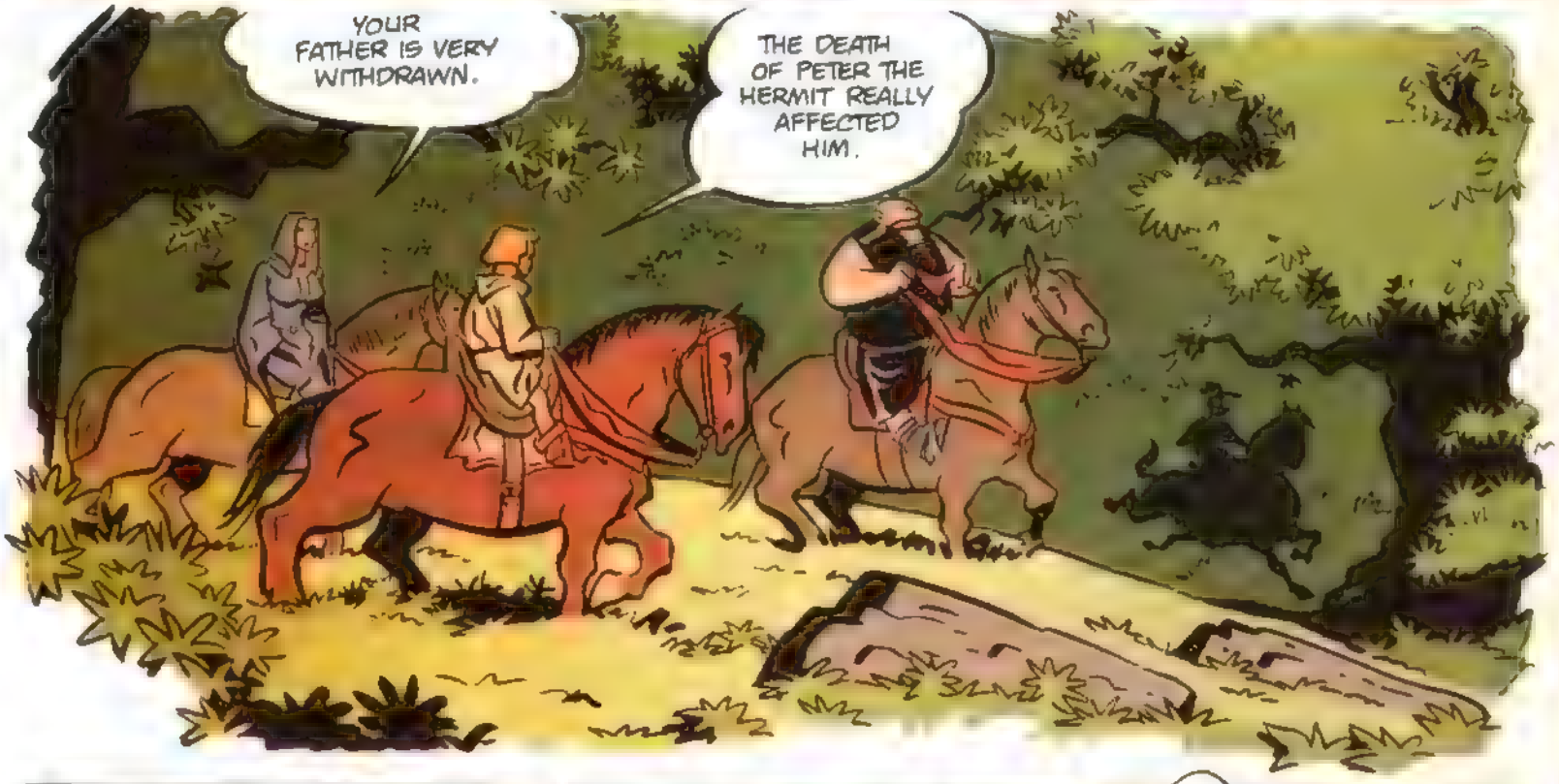
?

?

13


DAYS GO BY, AND THE MEMORY OF THE TRAGEDY STARTS TO FADE...


HOWEVER, GODEFROY HAS CHANGED. HE NOW PREFERS STUDY AND MEDITATION TO LONG RIDES AND FIERCE BATTLES.


YOUR FATHER IS VERY WITHDRAWN.
THE DEATH OF PETER THE HERMIT REALLY AFFECTED HIM.

SUDDENLY THE GIANT STOPS, AS IF TURNED TO STONE.
SNIF SNIF

THEN, LIKE A METEORITE, HE JUMPS INTO A THICKET.

!
14

WELL, JOHN SEEMS TO HAVE CAPTURED QUITE AN ODD ANIMAL, I SAY!

WELL, ARE YOU A SERF OR A TRESPASSER?

I HAVE TO VARY THE EVERYDAY FARE, MY LORD ....I'M JUST AN INNKEEPER.

I'M NOT HURTING ANYONE, I HUNT ONLY SMALL ANIMALS.... A HARE OR TWO, TO MAKE STEW. I MARINATE IT IN WINE FOR THREE DAYS, WITH SHALLOTS AND THYME, THEN I PUT IT ON A HOT FIRE WITH A LITTLE FAT....

I ADD SOME FLOUR, TO THICKEN THE SAUCE AND THEN SOME MUSHROOMS, SPICES...

GOOD HEAVENS! THIS MAN KNOWS HIS STUFF. WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO A NICE BIT OF STEW ACCOMPANIED BY SOME GOOD WINE?

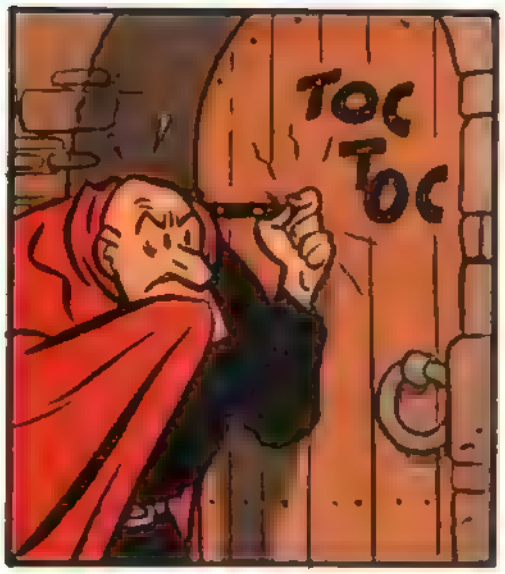
I DON'T SEE ANY PROBLEM WITH THAT. YOUR TUTOR GAVE YOU THE DAY OFF.

OUR FRIENDS PARTAKE OF AN ABUNDANT REPAST WITH GREAT APPETITES. THE THOUGHT OF MORBUS DOES NOT CROSS THEIR MINDS; HOWEVER, HE IS WORKING TOWARDS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BOULLION FAMILY.

HE, HE!...THIS TIME IT WILL ALL GO WITHOUT A HITCH. I HAVE A REALLY GOOD PLAN.

BRR...RATHER SINISTER...I BEGIN TO WONDER IF MY PLAN IS A GOOD ONE ...

15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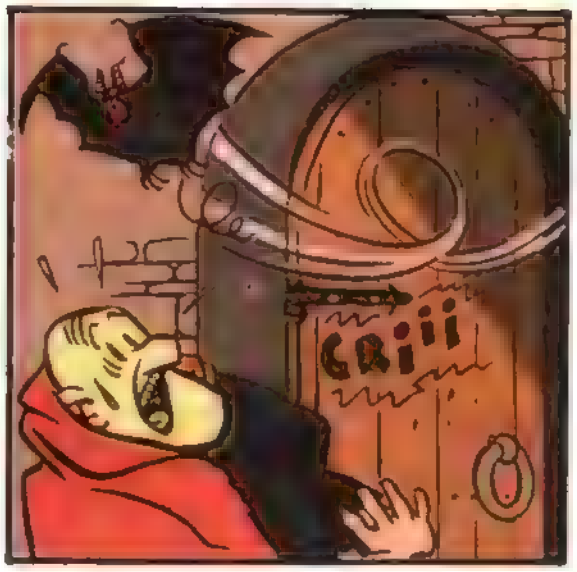
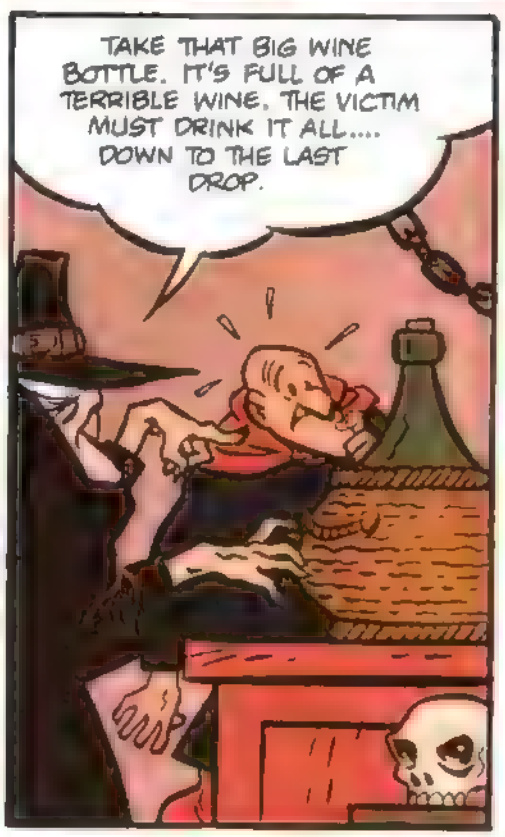

CRiii

THE DEVIL TAKE YOU! WHAT DO YOU WANT YOU DIRTY TOAD?

I NEED YOUR HELP, RADEGONDE... I HAVE GOLD.
ENTER AND SHOW ME YOUR GOLD.

I NEED A STRONG POISON BUT THE TASTE CANNOT BE BITTER OR DISAGREEABLE IN ANY-WAY.
HMMM....


TAKE THAT BIG WINE BOTTLE. IT'S FULL OF A TERRIBLE WINE. THE VICTIM MUST DRINK IT ALL.... DOWN TO THE LAST DROP.

REMEMBER, DOWN TO THE VERY LAST DROP... ONLY THE LAST DROP KILLS.
16

AFTER A LONG PERIOD OF MEDITATION, GODEFROY MAKES AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

TAKE THIS, CHAMBERLAIN, AND SEE THAT MY ORDERS ARE CARRIED OUT.

YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND!

TOC TOC

COME IN

AH, MY LORD, HERE YOU ARE! I WOULD LIKE YOU TO TASTE SOME WINE... A REAL NECTAR.

I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME, BUT I'LL DO IT IF IT MAKES YOU HAPPY.

WELL? WELL? DO YOU THINK IT'S GOOD?

A LITTLE ODD, BUT NOT BAD. ...

YOU WON'T SAY NO TO JUST ANOTHER LITTLE TASTE?

A FEW CUPS LATER...

THERE...THE LAST DROP! HE'S GOING TO DRINK IT ALL UP! HE'S GOING TO DRINK IT ALL UP!

DINNER IS READY!

HIC! WELL, WE'LL FINISH TASTING THE WINE A LITTLE LATER.

17

WHERE IS GODEFROY?

HE ASKED THAT WE WAIT FOR HIM...

I TELL YOU! I'M A BUTTERFLY! HI, HI, HI!!

HERE IS YOUR CUP, MY LORD.

THANK YOU, MORBUS....I HAVE TO COMMUNICATE AN IMPORTANT DECISION TO ALL OF YOU...

I'M GOING TO LEAVE ALL MATERIAL RICHES BEHIND AND GO TO THE HOLY LAND TO FIGHT AGAINST THE INFIDELS, FOLLOWING THE COMMAND OF POPE URBAN THE II. PETER THE HERMIT IS DEAD; I HAVE TO CONTINUE DOING HIS WORK. ALL VOLUNTEERS CAN JOIN ME. LET THE WILL OF GOD BE DONE!

I HAVE SOLD ALL OF MY LAND TO PAY FOR THE ARMY THAT WILL CONQUER JERUSALEM!

SOLD ALL HIS... MAY THE PLAGUE HIT ME! THIS RUINS ALL MY PLANS! HE CANNOT DIE NOW ..

I DRINK THIS CUP TO....

NOOO!

DONG

WHERE AM I? OH, YES, I REMEMBER.... THE FIGHT ON PAGE ELEVEN.

18

MORBUS, YOU HAVE GRAVELY OFFENDED ME. THAT CUP OF WINE SYMBOLIZED .

FATHER..

I...

CONTROL YOUR ANGER CHRIST ASKS THAT WE PARDON OFFENSES. AND WHAT'S MORE, MORBUS DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE.

NOT AT ALL ! IT WAS AN INTENTIONAL GESTURE !

?!

YES.. THAT WINE WAS NOT GOOD ENOUGH... FOR YOU ! FOLLOW ME !

?

TO CELEBRATE AN EVENT LIKE THIS YOU MUST TASTE THIS VINTAGE 1088

NOT A SOUND. I HOPE IT DIDN'T TURN INTO A BLOODBATH.

MORBUS, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO REALLY UNDER-STANDS ME

19

CAIRO

TWO MONTHS GO BY... HUNDREDS OF MEN, FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE, HAVE ANSWERED GODEFROY'S APPEAL. SERFS, NOBLEMEN, PEASANTS AND ARTISANS RUN AROUND THE CASTLE COURTYARD MAKING THE LAST PREPARATIONS.

LOOK AT ALL THOSE GOOD PEOPLE, MY SON...THOUSANDS OF OTHERS WILL JOIN US EN ROUTE.

THIS MANUSCRIPT IS FOR YOU! IT IS A BIBLE, THE GREATEST BOOK ON EARTH. I HAVE ANNOTATED IT JUST FOR YOU. TAKE VERY GOOD CARE OF IT--IT IS YOUR SPIRITUAL HERITAGE!

ON THE BACK THERE IS A PAGE WITH THE PLAN OF A SECRET CRYPT. IF YOU EVER SHOULD LOSE YOUR FAITH, YOU WILL FIND THERE SOMETHING TO HELP YOU FACE ADVERSITY.

20

ON THE DAWN OF THE 12TH OF JULY THE ARMY STARTS ITS LONG JOURNEY TOWARD THE HOLY LAND.

FREDDY, DINA, SWEEP AND BALDWIN WATCH THE DEPARTURE FROM THE HIGHEST TOWER.

OUR PROUD KNIGHT HAS A PANG OF GUILT AS HE WATCHES THE CASTLE DISAPPEAR IN THE DISTANCE.

JOHN! I'VE LEFT MY SON WITH NO ONE TO PROTECT HIM. GO AND WATCH OVER HIM!

THE GIANT AND GODEFROY EXCHANGE A LONG LOOK FULL OF EMOTION...

THEN JOHN TURNS HIS HORSE AROUND AND MAKES FOR THE CASTLE AT BREAKNECK SPEED, WITHOUT TURNING BACK.

AT THE CASTLE, GODEFROY'S DEPARTURE LEAVES A GREAT EMPTINESS.

DON'T TIRE YOURSELVES, MY FRIENDS.... I NEED SOLITUDE AND SILENCE FOR A WHILE ...WHY DON'T YOU RETIRE IN YOUR CHAMBERS.

THIS BOOK IS THE ONLY LIVING MEMORY MY FATHER LEFT ME....I WILL WATCH OVER IT DEVOTEDLY...

BALDWIN DOESN'T NOTICE THAT A PIERCING EYE IS WATCHING HIM FROM ONE OF THE MANY NOOKS IN THE WALLS.

THE OUTLINE OF THE CASTLE STANDS OUT AGAINST THE WARM SUMMER SKY.

CRAC

?

THIEF!

FREDDY WAKES UP IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY...

THIEF!

THAT'S BOUILLON YELLING!

22

WAKE UP, SWEEP! BOUILLON IS IN DANGER.

HELP!

SOMEBODY STOLE MY BIBLE! MY TENTH CENTURY MANUSCRIPT!

PLEASE CALM YOURSELF.

ITS VALUE IS ENORMOUS! THIS IS A REAL TRAGEDY!

HOW ODD! HE'S STILL DRESSED AND THE BED IS UNMADE...

AH, THOSE IDIOTS!

HMMM...I THOUGHT SO MYSELF...

I THOUGHT I SAW A BLACK SHADOW.. WHO RAN TOWARD MY SUITCASE AND PULLED OUT THE MANUSCRIPT....

IF I FIND THOSE IDIOTS!

A ROBBERY IN MY HOTEL? I MUST CALL THE POLICE!

16

COME MY LITTLE FRIEND

THIS IS TO CLEAR YOUR HEAD, POTATO!

YOUR MANUSCRIPT IS STILL IN YOUR SUITCASE! AND NOW CUT OUT THE WHISKY AND GO TO SLEEP. WE HAVE A LONG DAY AHEAD OF US!

YUCK! WATER!

23

EARLY THE NEXT DAY, OUR FRIENDS START OUT ON THEIR JOURNEY...

WE'RE IN THE LOWEST ROOM OF THE CASTLE....

HELL! IT'S SO HUMID. I SEE WHY GODEFROY LEFT FOR THE ORIENT!

IF I HAVE DECIPHERED MY ANCESTOR'S RIDDLES CORRECTLY, THIS IS WHERE WE SHOULD START DIGGING.

BUT THE WALLS OF THIS ROOM ARE ALL ROCK! I DON'T THINK WE'LL BE ABLE...

THE PLAN SAYS THAT THERE'S AN OPENING IN THE GROUND, HIDDEN BY A LAYER OF EARTH AND STONES.

AFTER SEARCHING FOR A FEW HOURS...

COME QUICK! I'VE FOUND IT!

24

A FLAGSTONE WITH THE SEAL OF THE BOUILLON FAMILY. I THINK WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

BE CAREFUL! THAT RING LOOKS PRETTY RUSTY.

CRAC

HEAVENS! IT SMELLS PRETTY CLOSE IN HERE.

ANOTHER FLAGSTONE... AND A FEW BONES.

THEY PROBABLY BELONGED TO THE MASONS WHO SEALED THE SECRET CRYPT. THE SECRET HAD TO BE KEPT...

THIS TIME THERE ARE NO STAIRS.

I HAVE A ROPE.

BOUILLON SLIDES DOWN ALONG THE ROPE. ALL OF A SUDDEN HE LETS OUT A TERRIBLE YELL.

A THOUSAND DEVILS!

BUT WHAT?.... IT'S...THE CRYPT IS EMPTY!
?
YES, EXCEPT FOR THIS ENORMOUS BARREL THAT...

WHAT?! THIS BARREL WAS BALDWIN'S INHERITANCE?
IT SEEMS SO. THE CRUSADE MUST HAVE REALLY RUINED GODEFROY!

WINE...IS THE TREASURE! ...WHAT A GREAT JOKE! HA, HA, HA!
HA! HA! HA!
PLEASE DON'T LAUGH. WINE HAD GREAT SYMBOLIC VALUE IN EARLY CHRISTIANITY. FURTHER-MORE, SOME OF THE DUCHY'S WINES WERE VERY MUCH APPRECIATED BY THE EXPERTS.

HA, HA! I'M IN TEARS! PLEASE EXCUSE US GEORGE... HA, HA, HA... IT'S...IT'S NERVES, YOU KNOW... HA, HA, HA!
HO, HO!
HA, HA, HA!

MAYBE IT'S STILL GOOD? IT CERTAINLY HAS AGED IN AN OAK BARREL FOR MANY CENTURIES.

HIC! IT'S...IT'S GREAT!!
OH NO! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO START ALL OVER AGAIN?

CAREFUL...THE ROPE...
YES...YES..I KNOW...
26

WHAT?!? HE'S RIGHT!

THUNDERSTRUCK, OUR FRIENDS LOOK ON AS THE ROPE FALLS TO THE FLOOR, AS IF BY MAGIC, AND THE FLAGSTONE STARTS TO MOVE BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL POSITION.

I'LL COME BACK FOR THE TREASURE WHEN THEY'LL ALL BE JUST A HEAP OF BONES! I'VE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD! HE, HE, HE!

WHEN I GET THE TREASURE, I'LL SET UP AN INTERNATIONAL CRIME ORGANIZATION! EVERYBODY WILL BOW TO MY POWER. HA, HA, HA!

I'LL START A TYRANNICAL PLANETARY GOVERNMENT, WORSE THAN COMMUNISM! TERROR WILL REIGN! HA, HA, HA!!

?!

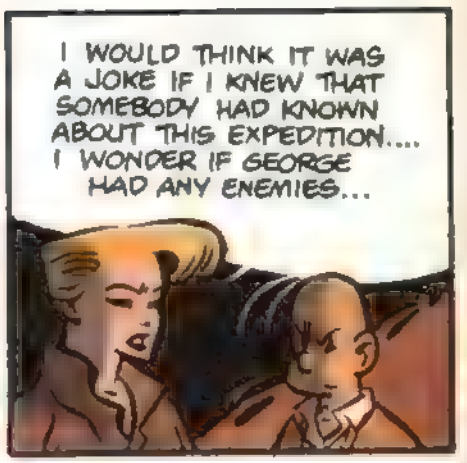
WHO GOES THERE? COME OUT OR I'LL SHOOT.

MORBUS FEELS PANIC RISING WITHIN HIM AS HE EMPTIES HIS ENTIRE CARTRIDGE IN THE SHADOWS

THEN HE STARTS RUNNING AWAY, CRAZED WITH TERROR

AN ARROW, OUT OF NOWHERE, HITS HIM RIGHT BETWEEN THE SHOULDERS!

WELL, HERE WE ARE IN A PRETTY MESS!
IF I COULD ONLY LAY MY HANDS ON THE JERK WHOSE IDEA OF A PRACTICAL JOKE THIS IS!
I...I THINK...HIC... THAT WE MUST TRY AND KEEP COOL.

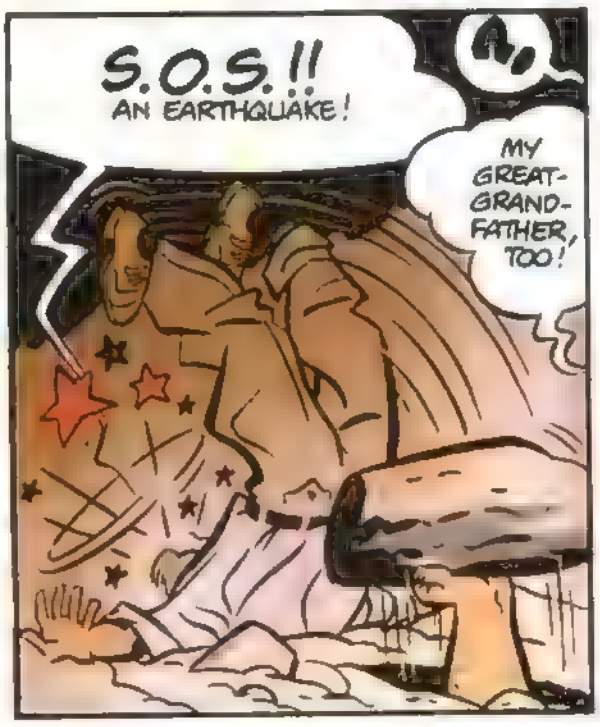

I WOULD THINK IT WAS A JOKE IF I KNEW THAT SOMEBODY HAD KNOWN ABOUT THIS EXPEDITION.... I WONDER IF GEORGE HAD ANY ENEMIES...

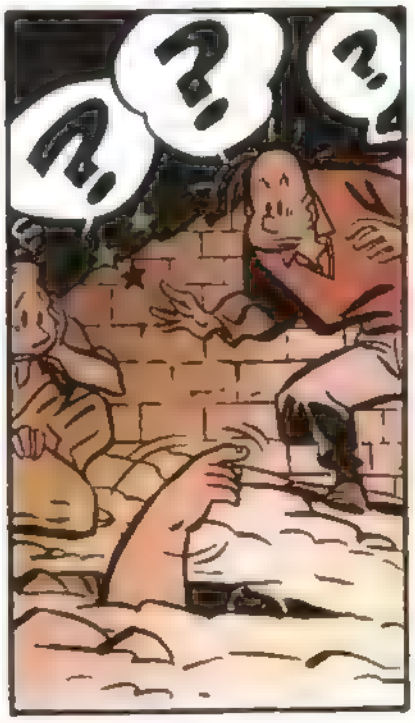
I...I WOULD LIKE TO ASK YOU A QUESTION...DO YOU KNOW WHY I...HIC... ASKED YOU TO ACCOMPANY ME HERE?

TO DIG HOLES FOR YOU.
NO! BECAUSE I WAS SCARED TO COME HERE ALONE.... UNDERGROUND... IN THE DARK.... HIC...

BOO HOO! I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A LAZY COWARD! HIC!

MY FATHER WAS A COWARD, MY GRANDFATHER WAS A COWARD...


S.O.S.!!
AN EARTHQUAKE!
MY GREAT-GRAND-FATHER, TOO!


?
?
?

SOMEBODY DOWN THERE IS INVITING US TO FOLLOW HIM!
28

THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGE LEADS OUR FRIENDS OUTSIDE

I'M SORRY, I MADE A FOOL OUT OF MYSELF AGAIN!

IT'S OKAY

THE OPEN AIR SEEMS TO MAKE EVERY-ONE FEEL BETTER.

WHEEEEE!

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO NOW ...I SPENT FIFTEEN YEARS LOOKING FOR THAT MANUSCRIPT!

YOU TRY AND UNCOVER THE MYSTERY SURROUND-ING ALL THOSE GHOSTS IN THE CASTLE OF BOUILLON.

GHOSTS?

YES, GHOSTS! THE FLAGSTONE THAT MOVED BY ITSELF, THEN THE HAND THAT CAME OUT OF THE GROUND!

YOU'RE RIGHT ALL THAT IS VERY MYSTER-IOUS....BUT DON'T COUNT ON ME! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF OLD STONES.

GODEFROY CAN REST IN PEACE... COME, I'LL BUY YOU A DRINK!

The End

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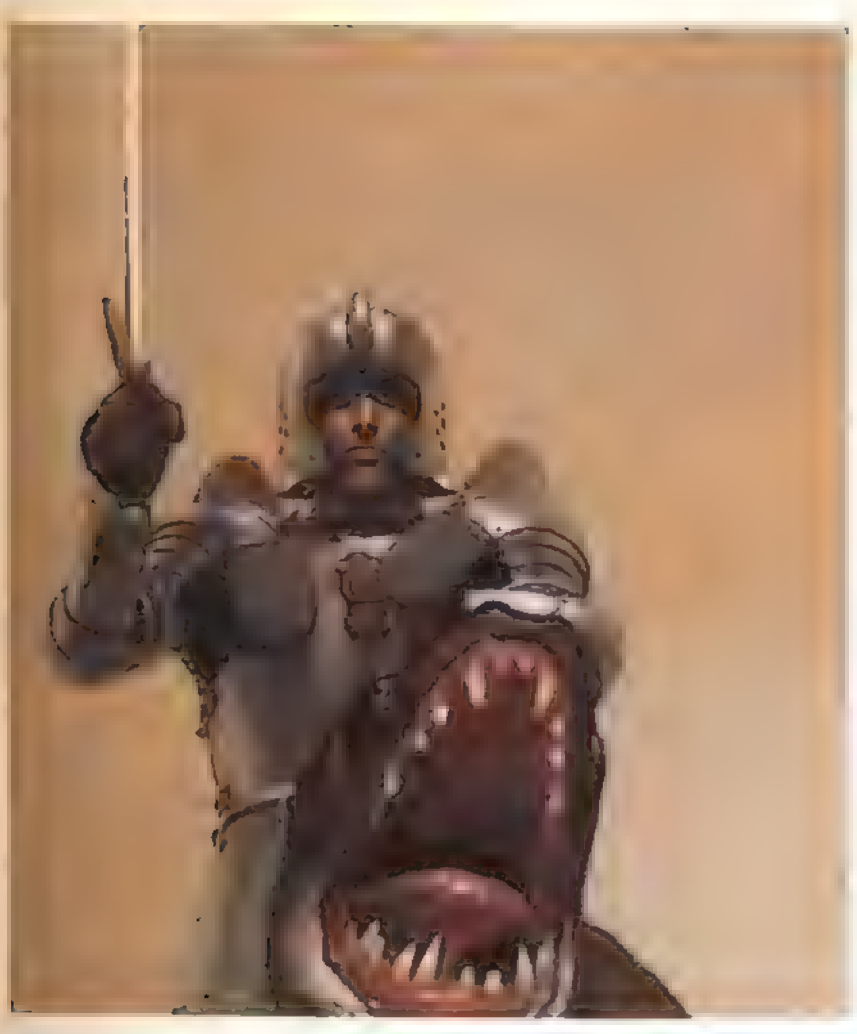
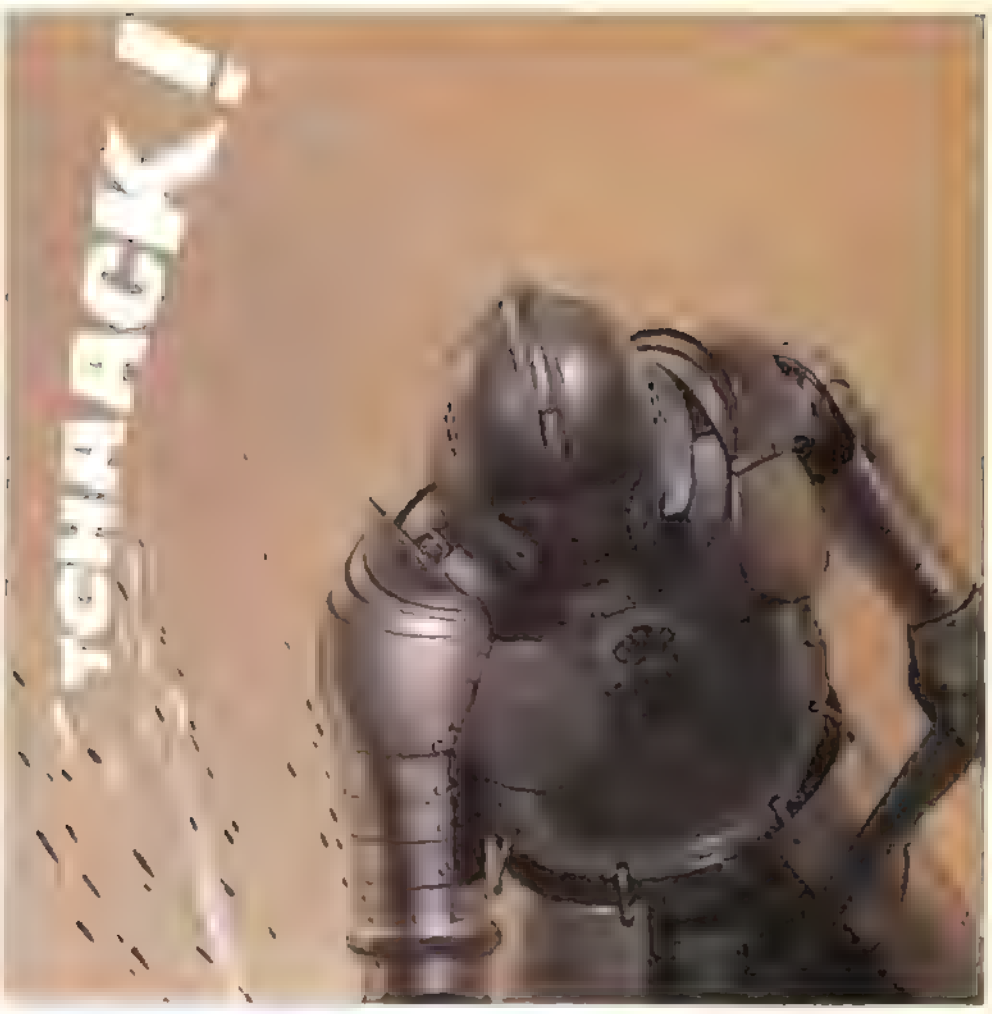
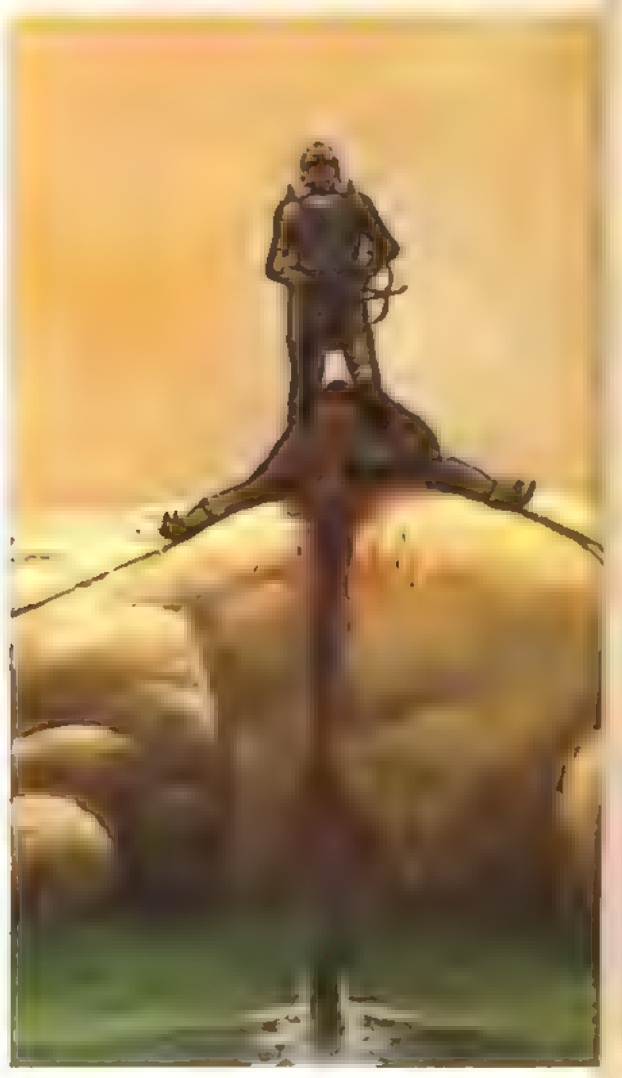



TCHAACK!

The Mercenary: The Sacrifice
by Segrelles



AARRRGHHH...

GROUCH!

URGHHH!!!

GREAT! WE'RE ON OUR WAY.

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET OUT ..

GRRRJJJ!

SHIT! THAT ANIMAL CAN SEE ALREADY I WON'T HAVE TIME

TING!

TICKNG!!

GODDAMN

Phew!

AND NOW I'LL WAIT.

GONNG!

THE GONG! ANYTIME NOW

NO! NOOOO!

SMSCHS!

HEY! !

CALM DOWN CALM DOWN I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU AWAY FROM HERE.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND HOW IT WORKS? IF THE ROPE IS TAUT, THEN IT MEANS THAT YOU RE STILL HANGING IN THE TUNNEL WHEN THE BEAST DOWN THERE EATS YOU UP, THE ROPE LOSES TENSION .

A BEAST? HOW CAN IT BE, SIR THEY ARE SACRIFICING ME TO THE GOD OF LIFE I'M GOING TO PARADISE

TO PARADISE? THEN WHY DO YOU THINK THOSE PIGS UP THERE DON'T SACRIFICE EACH OTHER INSTEAD OF YOU? DID YOU MISPLACE YOUR BRAIN?

...BROTHERS! LIFE IS BORN FROM LIFE... AND GOD GIVES US LIGHT.... GOD OF LIFE, SEND US YOUR LIGHT AS A SIGN THAT YOU HAVE ACCEPTED OUR SACRIFICE!

LET US HUMOR THAT IDIOT UP THERE

CHASCH!

AS THE ROPE LOOSENS, A SERIES OF LEVERS CREATE A CONTACT BETWEEN TWO ENORMOUS MASSES WITH THE SAME STATIC CHARGE, WHICH CREATES A GIGANTIC DISCHARGE

CRRSSSSS!!

NOW'S THE TIME TO GO

THANK YOU, GODS!

GRAND MASTER!

HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT!?

LOOK! DOWN THERE!

HA!

HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE!!

MAY THE DEVILS TAKE YOU ALL! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!

THEY'RE AFTER US ALREADY QUICK, CROSS OVER THE EDGE AND TAKE CARE TO HOLD ON TO THE ROPES.

RUN QUICK!

YOU WON'T ESCAPE!

YOU'RE MINE ALREADY!

HEY!

STOP RIGHT THERE!

HERE, CUT THE ROPES.

BACK UP!
BACK UP!

LET'S GO.
WE STILL HAVE
THE LOCK
KEEPER TO
DEAL WITH.

WHAT'S UP?
BUT HOW DID YOU....?

TORCHES AND FIRE!
I WAS HOPING WE'D FIND
THEM HERE.

GET ME
A LIGHTED
TORCH,
QUICK!

AS THE WHEEL STARTS TO MOVE, ONE OF THE FLOOD GATES OPEN UP EFFORTLESSLY WHILE THE OTHER CLOSES DOWN.

HERE'S THE TORCH, SIR

HOLD ON TIGHT. YOU'LL START TO FEEL SOME TUGGING SOON.

THE FLOOD GATE'S MECHANISM.

THIS WILL STOP THE MECHANISM FROM WORKING

YOU CAN LET GO NOW. WE'RE LEAVING!

MEANWHILE, BEHIND THE LOWERED FLOOD GATE

DON'T GO, GRAND MASTER.

THOSE IDIOTS MUST HAVE JAMMED THE MECHANISM

JJRRGGG

CREAK!

THE LOSS OF TENSION IN THE GIANT ROPES AND THE CONSEQUENT TUGS MAKE THE TORCH FALL

GRAND MASTER, IT'S ABOUT TO GIVE WAY!

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR! KNEEL DOWN AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON ON THE OTHER SIDE!

THEY'RE OPENING THE OUTSIDE DOORS! THEY'RE GOING TO ESCAPE!

COME, LET ME SEE FOR MYSELF....

IF THEY THINK THEY'RE GOING TO GET AWAY MAKING FUN OF ME LIKE THIS!

CREAK!!

CRAC

STUMP!!

STUMP!

OH!

GREAT!

THOSE MEN WON'T DO ANYMORE SACRIFICES.

SIR, YOU'RE A GREAT WARRIOR, AND YOU DO THE IMPOSSIBLE SO EASILY.

IT WAS EASY BECAUSE TRADITIONS ALWAYS TEND TO REMAIN THE SAME. YOU SEE, THEY HAVE BEEN ENACTING THE SAME RITUAL FOR MANY, MANY YEARS

LOOK, INCLUDING YOURSELF, I KNOW ONLY TWO CHILDREN ESCAPED FROM THE SACRIFICE

AND THE OTHER ONE DIDN'T COME OUT OF IT IN AS GOOD A SHAPE AS YOU DID....YOU SEE...HE ESCAPED WITH A BIG WOUND ON HIS FACE AND WAS MARKED FOR LIFE...LOOK AT ME CAREFULLY AND YOU'LL KNOW WHO I'M TALKING ABOUT.

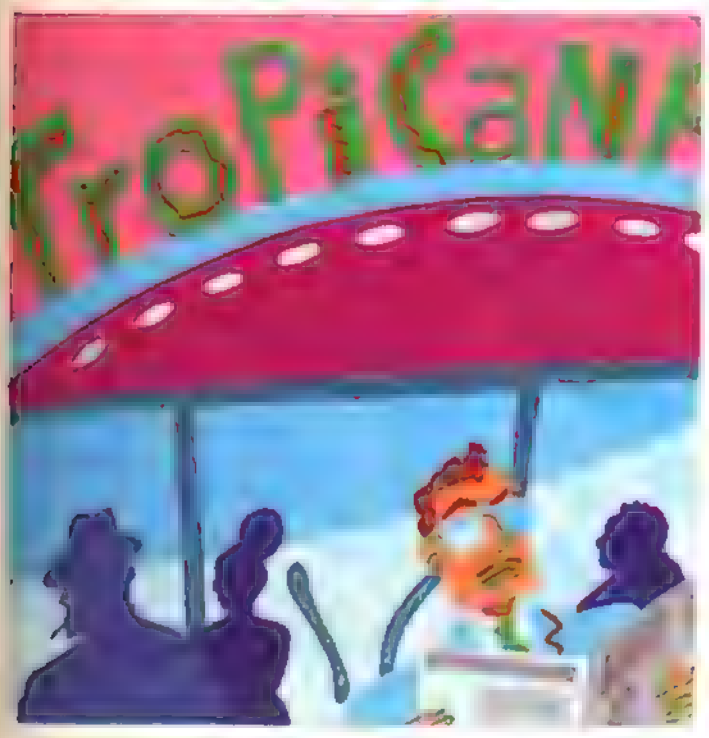
FIN

CROSSED DESTINIES

By Gallardo

HABANA HILTON
I'D BEEN IN HAVANA FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS I HAD TAKEN A ROOM AT THE BILTMORE-SEVILLE HOTEL ALONG WITH A MULTITUDE OF AMERICAN TOURISTS WHO WERE EAGER TO EMPTY THEIR WALLETS AT THE COMMODORE OR THE RIVIERA. I HAD REGISTERED AS NICK BARTONI, A REPORTER FOR THE CHICAGO SUN TIMES, LOOKING FOR JUICY NEWS ITEMS ABOUT BATISTA'S GAMBLING HALLS. I SHOULDN'T HAVE BOTHERED -- NOBODY BOUGHT MY NEW IDENTITY.

IN THE EVENING, I USED TO GO TO THE BAR AT THE TROPICANA TO DOWN MY DAILY RATION OF DAIQUIRIES : I WAS HOPING I'D OVERHEAR BY CHANCE AN INDISCREET CONVERSATION BETWEEN PEOPLE IN THE KNOW



I WAS THERE THAT EVENING, LEANING ON THE BAR, AND LISTENING TO ALFREDO'S VERY BORING MEANDERINGS ON THE FANTASTIC SIZES OF SOME CUBAN BACKSIDES

WHEN THAT WOMAN CAME IN WITH HER DISTINCTLY AMERICAN SHAPE, MORE THAN ONE CUBAN FELT A CERTAIN TIGHTENING IN HIS GROIN. THAT REDHAIRED BOMBSHELL WAS SHEATHED IN A TWO-PIECE GREEN OUTFIT, WHICH WAS WORKING OVERTIME TRYING TO COVER HER CURVES

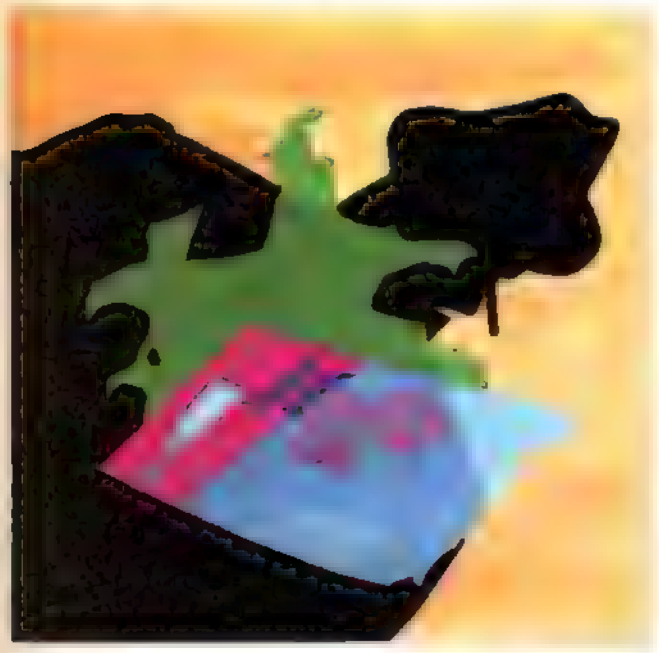
SHE SAT DOWN RIGHT NEXT TO ME AND LOOKED AT MY REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR, WHILE SHE DELICATELY ASKED THE BARTENDER FOR A CIGARETTE. MY FROZEN DAIQUIRI WAS MELTING FAST.

WHEN THAT ENCHANTING FIGURE TURNED TO LEAVE THE PREMISES, ALL THE CEILING FANS STARTED TO WORK AGAIN, AND EVERY MAN IN THE ROOM HEAVED A LONG SIGH.

THE PACK OF CIGARETTES HAD REMAINED ON THE BAR... HELL! IF THAT WASN'T A MESSAGE INTENDED FOR ME I MIGHT AS WELL EAT MY IVY LEAGUE DEGREE

I RAN TO THE DOOR JUST IN TIME TO SEE A BLACK MERCURY TWO DOOR-SEDAN DRAW AWAY FROM THE CURB WITH THE TIRES SCREECHING. THE BURNT SMELL REMAINED IN THE AIR
HABANA

ON THE PAVEMENT WERE TWO MEMENTOS FOR NICK: A PIECE OF GREEN FABRIC AND THE TICKET STUB OF A CLUB WHICH CERTAINLY WASN'T SPONSORED BY THE LADIES AUXILLIARY.



I STOPPED WITH GREAT EASE AND PARKED RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE CLUB ENTRANCE. THE BLACK SEDAN WAS PARKED THERE. THE PARTY HAD STARTED, AND I WAS THE ONLY GUEST STILL MISSING.

KING KONG'S BROTHER WAS BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE, HIS HAND ON THE BUTT OF HIS GUN WITH WHICH, JUDGING FROM THE LOOK ON HIS FACE, HE MUST HAVE HAD A LOVING RELATIONSHIP.

AS I PULLED OUT A DOLLAR, I ASKED FOR THE NAME ON MY TICKET STUB, AND KONG GESTURED ME INSIDE WITH A GRIMACE WHICH WAS MEANT TO BE A SMILE

BEFORE GOING THROUGH THE DOOR I FINISHED MY CHESTERFIELD. STANDING THERE, WAITING FOR WHO KNOWS WHAT, I FELT LIKE A TURKEY ON THANKSGIVING DAY

THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE WAS MADE UP OF A WOMAN WHO LOOKED LIKE RITA HAYWORTH AND GRACE JONES IN ONE, AND ANOTHER OF THOSE GORILLAS

AS A SPECIAL CELEBRATION THEY HAD PREPARED A MIXTURE TO KEEP ME OUT OF TROUBLE FOR A LONG TIME.

THE WOMAN INFORMED ME, IN A VOICE AS MELODIOUS AS A DOCK WORKER'S, THAT SHE WAS MISS SEGURA SANTOS. SHE SEEMED TO BE THE ONE IN CHARGE, AND I COULD WELL IMAGINE WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WOULD BE HER FAVORITE

AS SHE BEGAN TO TELL ME ALL THIS, THE ROOM STARTED TO DANCE A CRAZY BOOGIE WOOGIE, WHILE ON MY PART I BEGAN TO TELL A LOT OF STUPID THINGS ABOUT MY AUNT WHO LIVES IN KENTUCKY AND ABOUT HER CHICKEN CORRAL....

I DON'T KNOW IF TWO MINUTES OR FORTY YEARS WENT BY, BUT I FELT AS IF MY HEAD HAD FOUGHT WORLD WAR II SINGLEHANDEDLY

I LET OUT A MOAN WHICH I THEN TRIED TO CHANGE INTO A GRUNT. THEY HAD TIED US UP IN A PRETTY LITTLE PACKAGE: AGENT NICK AND THE RED-HAIRED BOMBSHELL.

THE ACADEMY STRONGLY ADVISED US NEVER TO LOSE OUR SELF POSSESSION, EVEN IN THE MOST ADVERSE OF CIRCUMSTANCES . AND TO ALWAYS HAVE A PEN-KNIFE ON HAND.

MY GOD! THOSE MONKEYS WERE REALLY STUPID.. THEY HADN'T EVEN BOTHERED TO FRISK ME, SO I DECIDED TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND, WITH MY GUN THAT IS.

I HEARD VOICES COMING FROM BEHIND THE DOOR ON MY RIGHT. TWO PEOPLE WERE TALKING: ONE WAS THE JONES/HAYWORTH CHICK, THE OTHER A MAN.

DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN, I SAID-- AND THAT DIDN'T SEEM TO AMUSE EITHER OF THEM. HOWEVER, THIS TIME I HAD ALL THE ACES IN MY HAND.

YOUR OWN TWO FEET WON'T GET YOU OUT OF HERE!

Bang Bang Bang

THOSE TWO MUST HAVE HAD EXCEPTIONAL AIM. I ENDED UP WITH A SCRATCH. BUT THEY GOT A BEAUTIFUL HOLE EACH. TOBACCO WOULD CERTAINLY CREATE NO MORE PROBLEMS FOR THEM

WHAT WAS EVEN TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE WAS THAT THE GUY WITH THE HOOD WAS THE ONE I WAS LOOKING FOR: HOWARD HUGHES, AN ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE

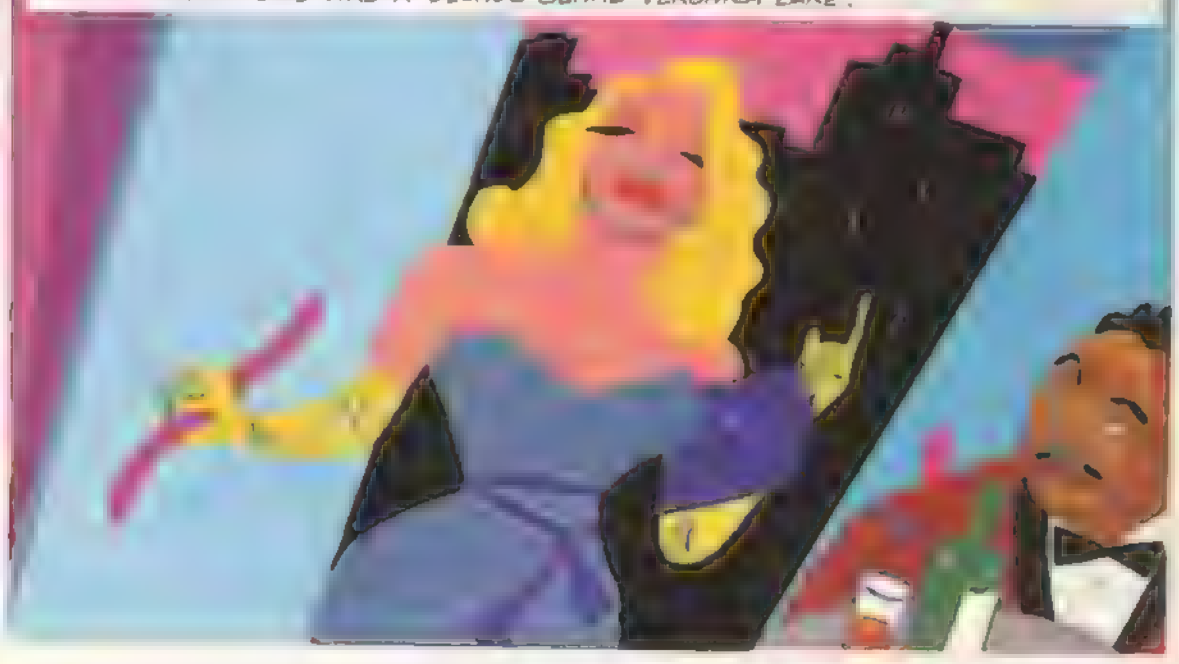
BUT THE SURPRISES DIDN'T END THERE. THE OLD MAN WAS THE BOMBSHELL'S FATHER; I'M SURE THAT GANG OF RUFFIANS INTENDED TO USE HER AS A LURE

THE PAPERS WERE FULL OF NEWS OF THE WEDDING BETWEEN EVELYN H. HUGHES AND LOUIS SANTOS, THE KING OF THE TAMPA CASINO AND THE OWNER OF SANS SOUCI. TOO BAD! I HAD BECOME VERY FOND OF THE GIRL. NO MENTION, OF COURSE, OF THE MAMBA INCIDENT

...SO THAT CANDY WAS NOT MEANT FOR ME, I SAID TO MYSELF AS I SIPPED MY FOURTH DAIQUIRI OF THE EVENING. HER FATHER CERTAINLY HAD GUTS.

AFTER ALL THAT ACTION I FOUND IT VERY PLEASANT TO DOZE AWAY LISTENING TO ALFREDO'S ENDLESS CHATTER

ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE SILENCE BECAME SO THICK THAT YOU COULD HAVE BUILT A GARAGE ON IT. THE AMERICAN EMBASSY HAD SENT ALONG ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE ENCHANTING WOMEN BROUGHT UP ON CEREAL AND HAMBURGERS. THIS TIME THOUGH SHE WAS A BLONDE GENRE VERONICA LAKE.



WHEN SHE LEFT THE JOINT, SHE FORGOT A PACK OF CIGARETTES ON THE BAR. BUT I WAS SO TIRED THAT NOT EVEN ALL THAT BLONDE HAIR AND THOSE LOVELY BLUE EYES AND THOSE PROVOKING CURVES COULD SPUR ME INTO ACTION. SO I TURNED AROUND AND WENT ON LISTENING TO ALFREDO. WHAT'S MORE, I HAD JUST DECIDED TO GIVE UP SMOKING, FOREVER

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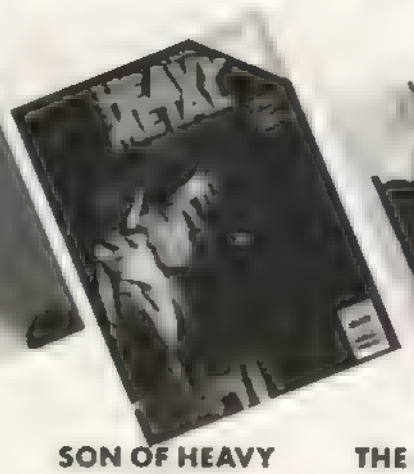

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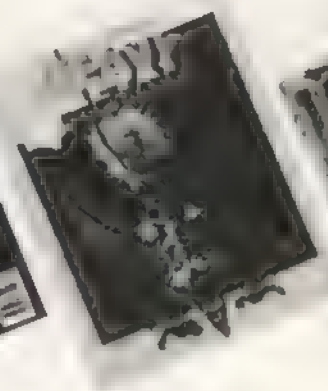

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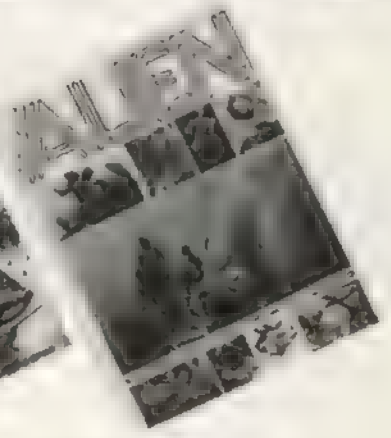

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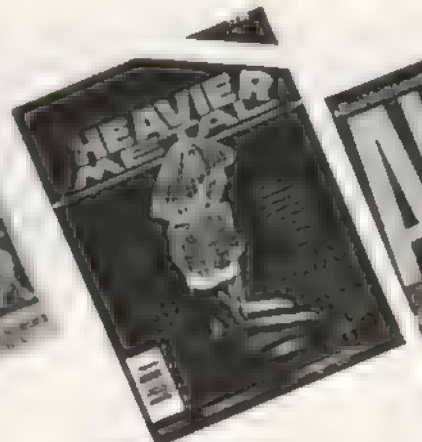

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THE CREATOR...

by Henkberto

AFTER TEN MONTHS OF CAREFUL INVESTIGATION, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ACCUMULATE IN THE EARTH-CUBE A GREAT QUANTITY OF INTERESTIN AND ACCURATE DATA, THAT CANNOT REALLY BE COMPARED TO THAT COLLECTED ON OTHER PLANETS WE HAVE VISITED.

AFTER MANY LONG DAYS OF STUDY, DURING THE MISSION THAT MY "SUPERIORS" HAD ASSIGNED ME, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PROVE THAT THE TERRESTRIANS WERE NOT ABLE TO ATTAIN CONTROL OF GENETICS

: "SUPREME ART OF THE UNIVERSE." HOWEVER, I'M RETURNING WITH GREAT RESULTS FROM THE EXPERIMENT.

AND HAVE DERIVED SOME VERY INTERESTING BENEFITS FROM IT, ALL OF WHICH I HAVE EXHIBITED AND COPED IN THE EARTH-GLOBE. THERE IS A MASS OF EXTRAVAGANT AND SOPHISTICATED DIMENSIONS WHICH

REFERS TO ART PAINTING SCULPTURE FILM COMIC ART LITERATURE VIDEOS, MUSIC CREATIVE THOUGHT ETC

AT THE END OF MY VOYAGE, WHEN THE RECORDING IS FINISHED, I WILL DEPOSIT THE EARTH CUBE IN THE MOTHERSHIP

ALL THIS WILL ENABLE US TO BUILD THE MOST POWERFUL AND SOPHISTICATED EXTRATERRESTRIAL COMPUTER. THEN WE CAN DESTROY THE REST OF THE

ONCE IN ATHENS, IT WAS EASY TO FIND A BUYER FOR THE VALUABLE DAGGER THAT BERTHA HAD GIVEN ME. ALL OF A SUDDEN I FOUND MYSELF A RICH MAN.

ΑΝΤΙΚΗΡΑ

The Adventures of Dieter Lumpen: A Game of Chance

AND LIKE ALL THE RICH, I CHOSE AN ISLAND AT RANDOM AND WENT THERE TO REST. THE ISLAND WAS SMALL YET BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD THE BEST DICE PLAYER IN THE AEGEAN.

IT WAS THE PERFECT PLACE TO LOSE A FORTUNE AT THE HANDS OF A CHEAT.

WELL... LOOKS LIKE YOU DID IT, MY FRIEND. I'M BROKE

THERE IS STILL, NATURALLY, THE CHANCE TO PLACE ONE LAST BET, MR. LUMPEN.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, MR. KIRYAS. I LOST IT ALL. I'M DOWN TO ZERO.

ΤΑΒΕΡΝΑ
ΔΗΜΗΤΡ. ΖΟΥΒΓΙΑΣ

I UNDERSTAND. YOU DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY. BUT YOU STILL HAVE SOMETHING OF VALUE, AND I COULD TAKE THAT AS YOUR BET.

WHAT ARE YOU REFERRING TO?

....AND IF YOU LOSE, YOU WILL BE MY PROPERTY FOR, LET'S SAY... A WEEK.

I'M THINKING OF YOU, MR. LUMPEN. YOU CAN BET YOURSELF. IF YOU WIN, YOU'LL GET BACK ALL YOUR MONEY...

I...LET'S SEE IF I'VE UNDERSTOOD YOU CORRECTLY: IF I LOSE, WHICH SEEMS MOST PROBABLE, GIVEN MY PAST, YOU WILL BECOME MY.... OWNER. WHAT THEN?

NATURALLY YOU WILL HAVE TO DO WHATEVER I ORDER YOU TO DO

SOMEBODY ELSE, IN MY PLACE, WOULD HAVE DRAWN BACK. BUT CHANCE WOULD HAVE IT THAT I WAS IN MY PLACE.....TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, I ACCEPTED. WE PLAYED, AND THERE WERE NO SURPRISES. KIRYAS BECAME MY OWNER

...HIS NAME IS SIRO KANTZALIS! NATURALLY YOU DON'T KNOW THIS MAN, MR. LUMPEN. BUT I DO, AND I WANT TO GET RID OF HIM.

SINCE YOU NOW BELONG TO ME, YOU WILL HAVE TO KILL KANTZALIS. IS THAT CLEAR?

EVIDENTLY, BAD LUCK HAD DECIDED TO MOVE IN WITH ME FOR A WHILE. I HAD GONE FROM A HAPPY, RICH MAN TO EXECUTIONER.... ALL FOR A GAMBLING DEBT. I COMFORTED MYSELF BY THINKING THAT SIRO KANTZALIS WAS GOING TO END UP EVEN WORSE OFF.

YOU ALREADY KNOW; IT'S THE FIRST HARBOR THE BOAT STOPS AT. AND DON'T TR TO RUN AWAY, MR. LUMPEN, I WOULD FIND YOU VERY QUICKLY.

I ALWAYS PAY MY DEBTS, MR. KIRYAS, EVEN WHEN IT REVOLTS ME TO DO SO.

POT POT POT

POT POT POT

BRRAAUU

POT POT POT P

YES, WE'RE GETTING THERE. THE ENTRANCE THROUGH THE CANAL IS DANGEROUS IN THIS KIND OF WEATHER....

. . .BUT OUR SKIPPER IS AN EXPERT. WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR.

I HOPE SO.

AT IRANNINE

CRAK!

I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO CURSE KIRYAS, GREECE, OR THE DICE BEFORE FINDING MYSELF SWALLOWING WATER IN THE MIDST OF AN INFERNAL DIN

HELP!
HELP!

CONSTANTINO!
MY SON!
ARE YOU OKAY?
..MOVE OVER.

I'M ALL
RIGHT, FATHER,
I'M ALL RIGHT...
JUST A LITTLE
TIRED...

HE'S
COMING TO...HE'S
SWALLOWED SO
MUCH WATER.

KANTZALIS!

CHANCE OFTEN PLAYS SINISTER TRICKS. I HAD BECOME SOMEONE ELSE'S BULLY TO PAY MY GAMBLING DEBTS, AND NOW I FOUND MYSELF OWING MY LIFE TO THE SON OF THE MAN I WAS ABOUT TO KILL.

AND AS DIFFICULT AS IT MAY SEEM, THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE TO PAYING ONE'S DEBTS; SOME PEOPLE CALL IT HONOR. WHAT I NEED TO KNOW IS THAT I CAN LOOK MYSELF IN THE MIRROR AND FEEL NO DISGUST TOWARD MY IMAGE.

...BUT NOW WE MUST FORGET ABOUT THE ACCIDENT. LET'S HAVE ANOTHER GLASS OF RETZINA....

YOUR HEALTH!

I WAS ABOUT TO RETURN HIS TOAST BUT I STOPPED, THINKING IT WAS TOO CYNICAL A GESTURE.

CONSTANTINO'S CLOTHES FIT YOU VERY WELL.

GAMBLE, LOSE, PAY. LIVE, DRINK, FORGET. HONOR, KILL, DIE. DEBTS, SHIPWRECK, RETZINA. RETZINA, RETZINA, RETZINA....

...NOBODY CARRIES A GUN ON THIS ISLAND...NO... WHY SHOULD THEY CARRY ONE? ....WHY DO YOU CARRY ONE, MR. LUMPEN?

A GUN? ...AH, YES, A GUN. BECAUSE ONE PLAYS, AND IF ONE LOSES, ONE HAS TO PAY... BANG! BANG!...AND ONE CAN PAY ONE'S DEBTS.

YOU PLAY WITH THE GUN?...BANG! BANG!...RUSSIAN ROULETTE?

RUSSIAN ROULETTE?....YOU SAID RUSSIAN ROULETTE?

YES, IT WAS CHANCE. CHANCE HIDDEN AMONG THE WORDS... TO SHOW ME A POSSIBLE WAY OUT.

A TOAST FIRST.

¡CLINC!

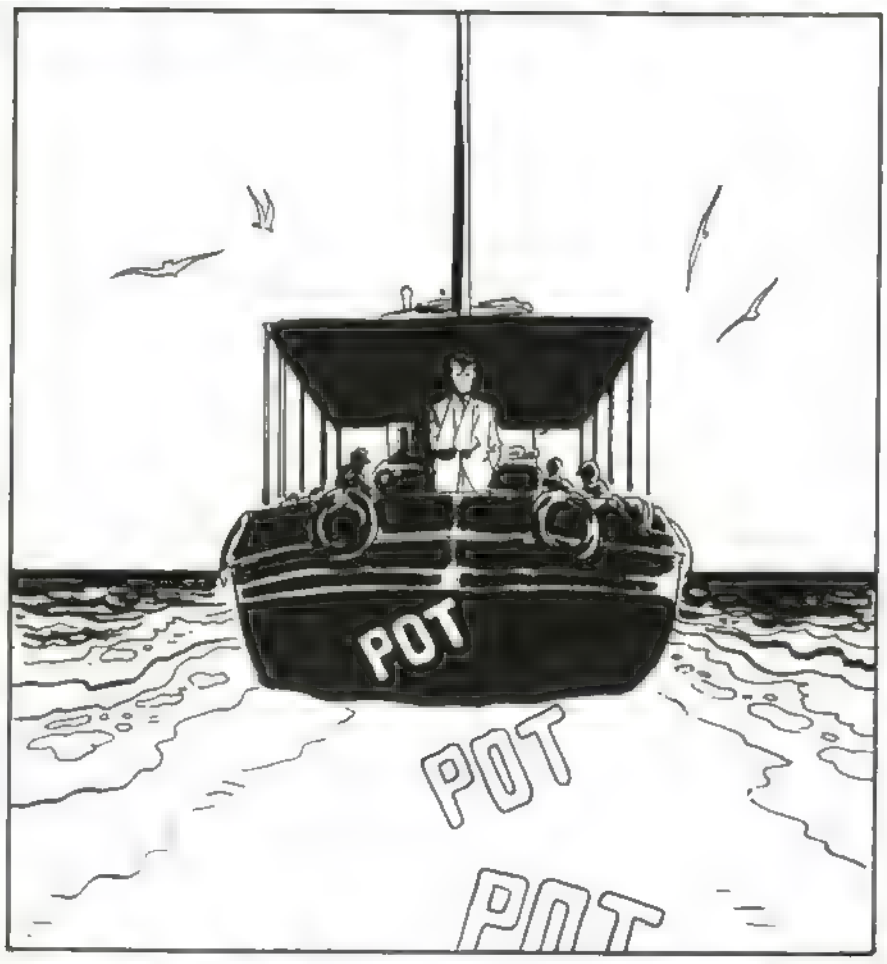
YOUR HEALTH!

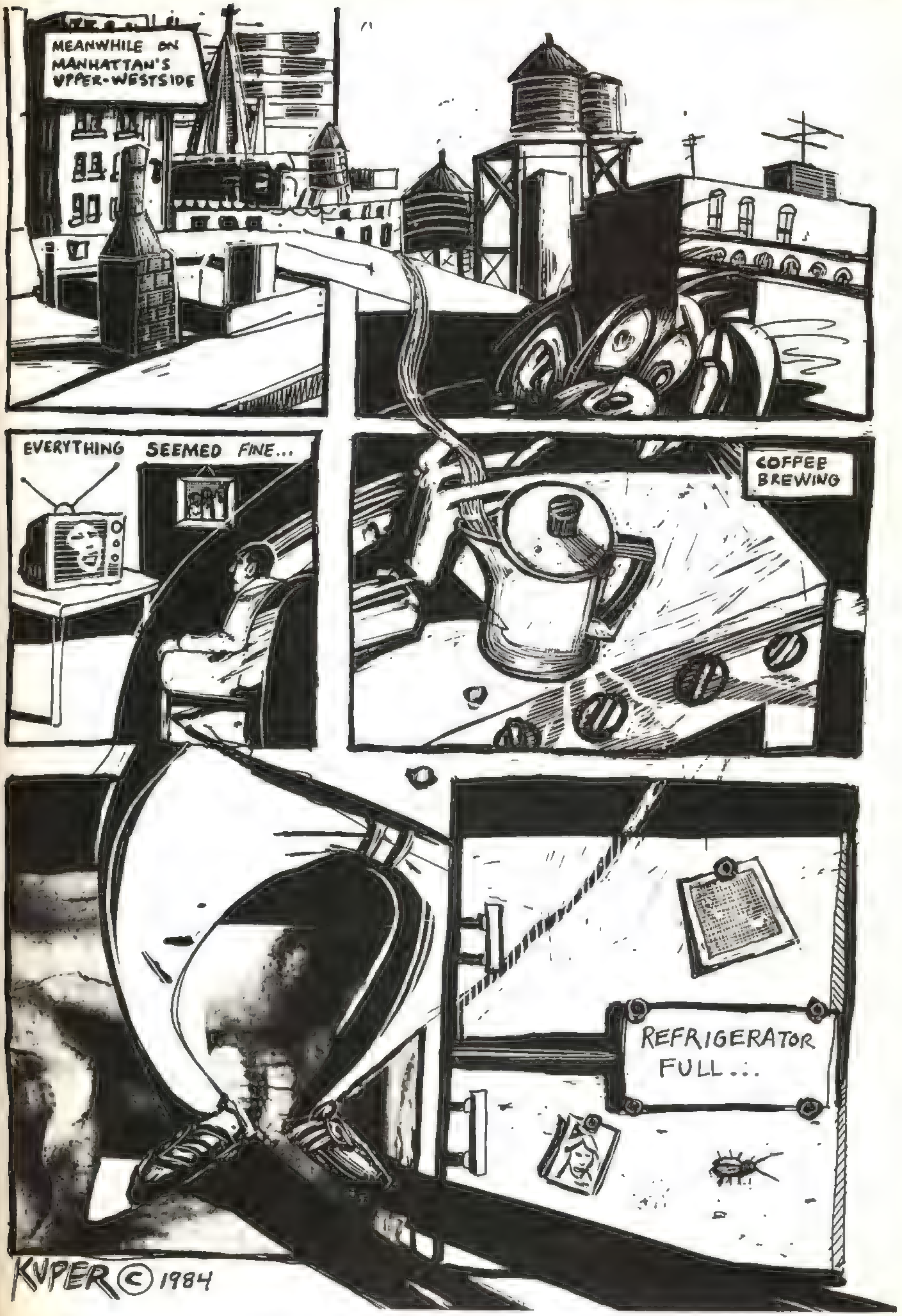
YOUR HEALTH!

CLIK!

¡BANG!

HAD MY BAD LUCK REALLY ENDED OR WAS I WITNESS TO ONE OF CHANCE'S MISTAKES? ....IN FRONT OF THE BODY OF MY GOOD FRIEND KANTZALIS I PROMISED I WOULD FIND OUT.




MEANWHILE ON MANHATTAN'S UPPER-WESTSIDE
EVERYTHING SEEMED FINE...
COFFEE BREWING
REFRIGERATOR FULL...
KUPER © 1984

SO WHY ALL THE ANXIETY?

WHY ALL THE FEAR AND DOUBT?

WHY ALL THE FRUSTRATION?

SO CALM BY ALL APPEARANCES....

YET JUST BELOW THE SURFACE...

A VOLCANO ERUPTS.

CALM IS ONLY SKIN DEEP.

"DON'T THEY SEE I'M GOING THROUGH A CRISIS?"

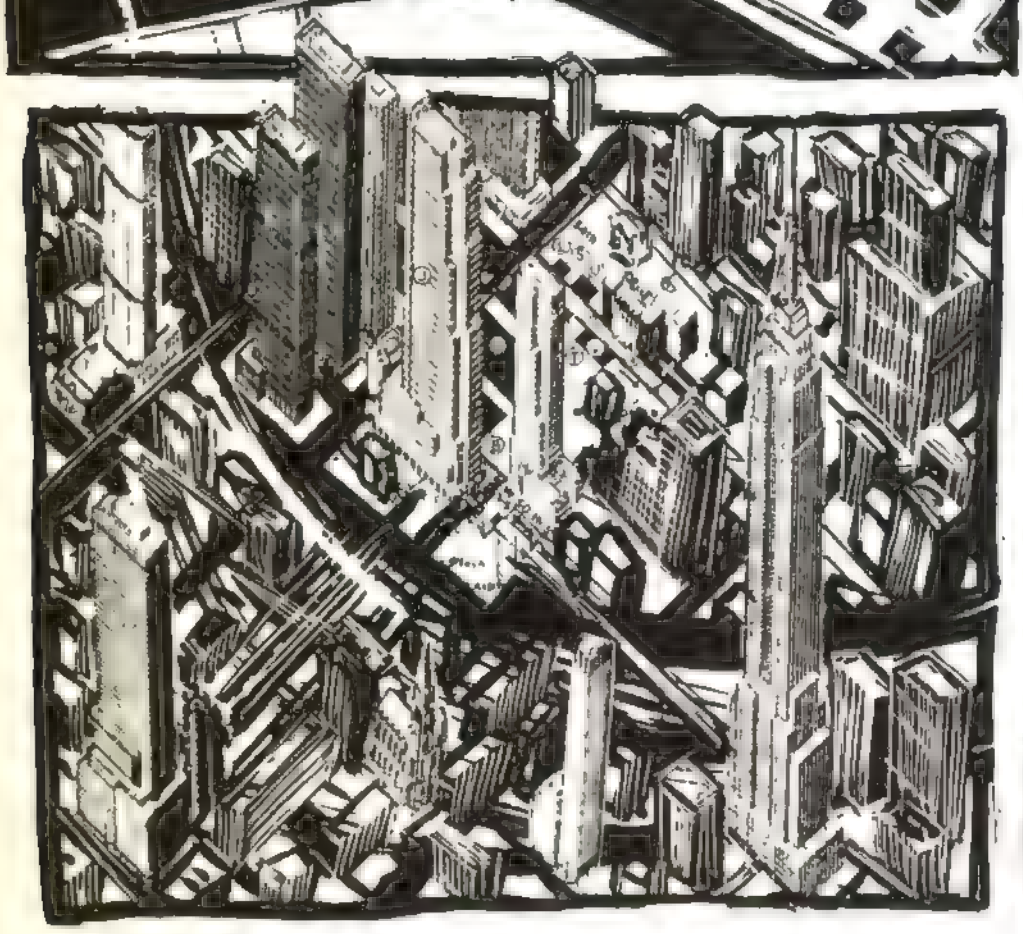
"I THOUGHT THEY WERE MY FRIENDS..."

"SOME FRIENDS!"

"IT JUST ISN'T FAIR."

"WHY ME?!"

"WHY ME."



WEST
NEW YORK
QUEENS

EDISON IS BACK

RICK GEARY ©1987

ACTUALLY, I NEVER LEFT!

I'VE BEEN WORKING AWAY HERE IN MY SECRET LAB — HIDDEN IN THE BASE OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW TO INVITE YOU IN.

DON'T THINK I HAVEN'T BEEN BUSY ALL THOSE YEARS.

"Cinema Cannon"

I DEVISED, FOR INSTANCE, A METHOD TO PROJECT MOVING PICTURES ONTO THE SKY.

AND A MACHINE THAT CAN ACTUALLY READ THE THOUGHTS OF SCULPTURE.

VULCANIZED

BODY PARTS MADE OF GENUINE RUBBER!

A WATER-PROPELLED VEHICLE!

SPECTACLES FOR SEEING UNDERGROUND!

THIS IS MY PERSONAL FAVORITE: A DEVICE TO SPEAK WITH THE DEAD.

ALL I NEED DO IS VISIT A QUIET PLACE, LIKE THIS RURAL SPOOKYARD.

I SIMPLY TURN THE CRANK AND ASK A QUESTION INTO THE ETHER, SUCH AS: "WHO'S THERE?"

THOSE I'VE INTERVIEWED SAY THEY RESIDE IN A PLEASANT PLACE WITH HOUSES — BUT NO FOOD, SINCE THERE IS NO NEED TO EAT.

NEVERTHELESS, THERE ARE DOCTORS AND NURSES ON DUTY AT ALL TIMES.

FOR SOME REASON, WATER IS WHITE AND MILK IS CLEAR!

I'M TOLD THEIR GOD IS DIFFERENT FROM OURS: MORE LIKE A SUCCESSFUL ADMINISTRATOR.

I'VE RECEIVED MESSAGES IN ALL KINDS OF PLACES: ONCE, SO HELP ME, ON A RAILROAD CAR TO SCHENECTADY!

I GUESS I'VE STILL GOT A FEW GOOD IDEAS LEFT IN ME!

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2. The Temple of Oblivion
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Mr. Caza has gone quite mad. . .
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why hasn't any mission to it ever returned?
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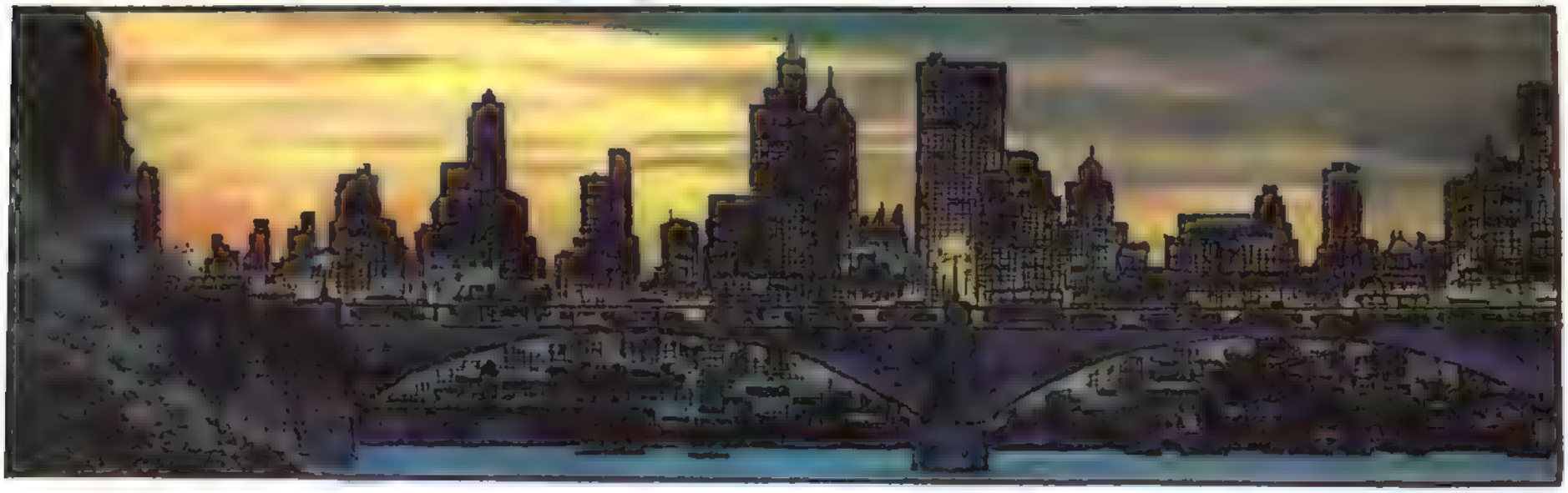
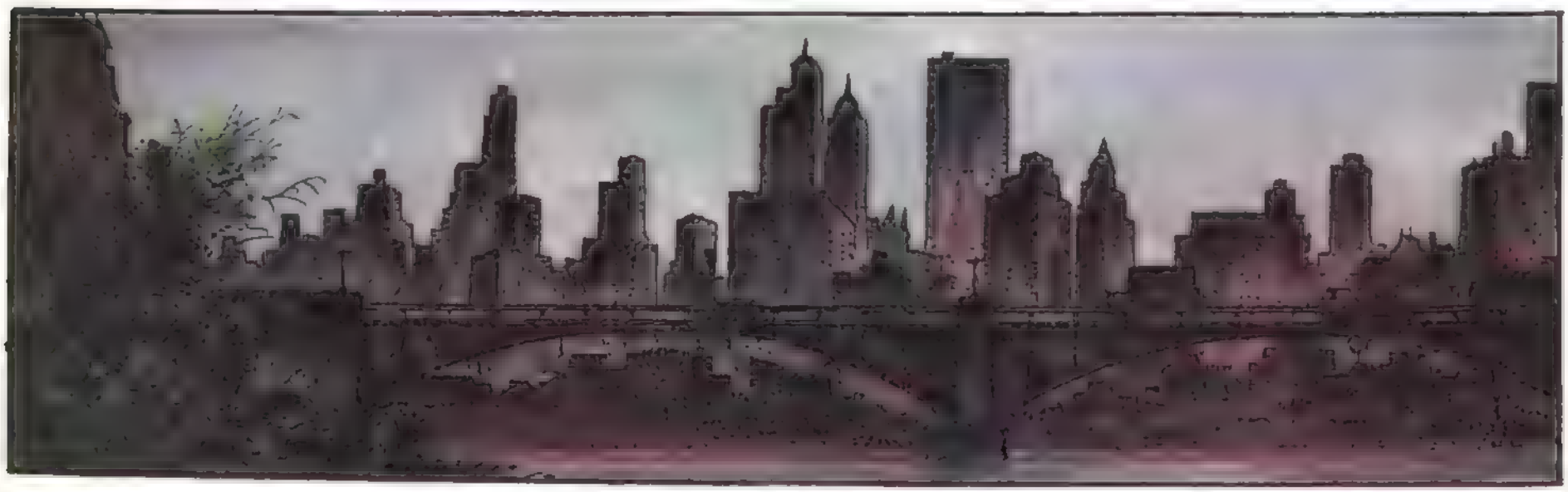
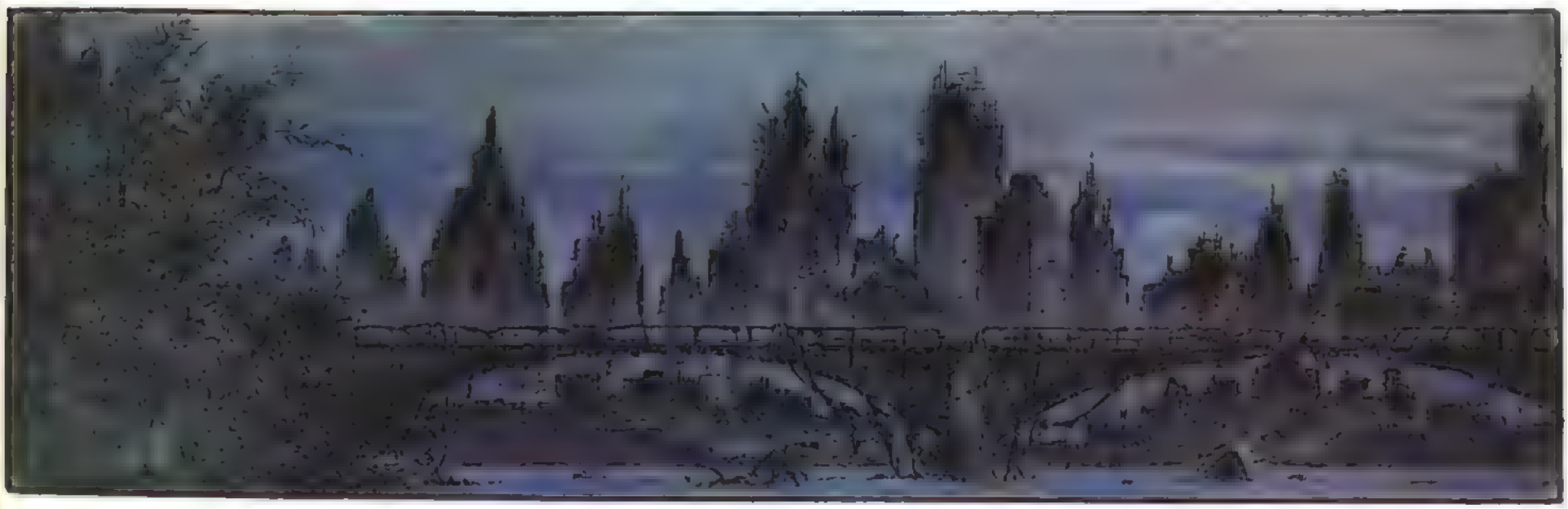
Man by Ortiz and Segura



WHOEVER SAYS THAT HE DIDN'T KNOW, IS A LIAR WE COULD READ ABOUT IT EVERY DAY IN THE NEWSPAPERS; WE COULD WATCH IT ON TV: THE WAR IN THE MIDDLE EAST, REVOLUTIONS IN SOUTH AMERICA; SAVAGE STRIKES IN EUROPE, RACIAL EXPLOSIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA WE KNEW ALL ABOUT THAT, AND SO WHEN THE GOVERNMENT TOLD US THAT WE HAD TO SAVE ENERGY, THAT THE STATE OF CRISIS DEMANDED THAT EVERYBODY MAKE SOME SACRIFICE -- A TEMPORARY ONE OF COURSE -- WE BELIEVED IT.... WE HAD TO



A YEAR LATER THE ELECTRICITY WAS CUT OFF. THE ELECTRIC SIGNS AND THE LIGHTS IN OUR HOMES WENT OUT FOREVER THE ELEVATORS STOPPED RUNNING, AS DID PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION; GAS WAS RATIONED AND THE CITY SLOWLY STARTED TO DIE. I REMEMBER VERY CLEARLY WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT.. UNREST, SOCIAL REVOLTS, LOOTING, HUNGER, SICKNESS AND DEMENTIA THE CITY WAS DEAD AND WE WERE SLOWLY ROTTING WITH IT WE FOUGHT TO GET OUT INTO THE COUNTRY BUT WE WEREN'T ALLOWED THE CITY STOPPED HAVING ANY HOPE

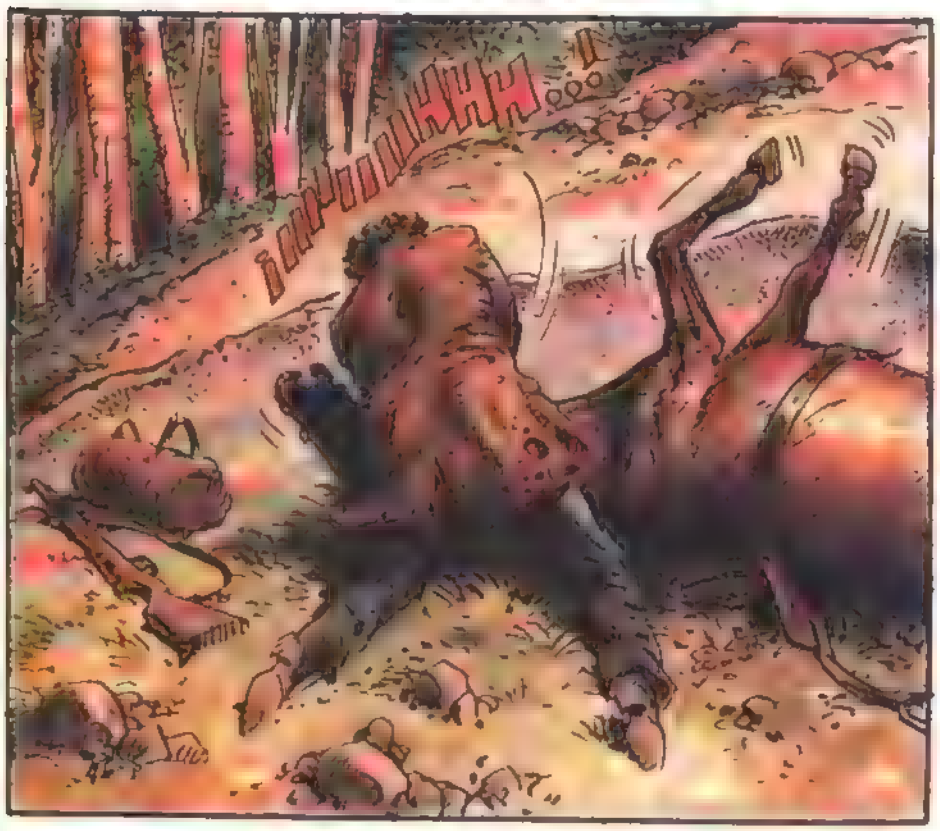


WE HAD BEEN CONDEMNED TO DEATH ALONG WITH THE CIVILIZATION WE HAD CREATED, AND THE CITY WAS TO BE OUR GRAVE. TWENTY YEARS HAVE GONE SINCE THAT TIME NOW PEOPLE GO ON CALLING THEMSELVES MEN AND WOMEN, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE THATS WHAT THEY ARE ... THEY BELONG TO A NEW RACE, WHO FEEDS ON THE REMAINS OF MY CITY. THEY ARE OUR MOST MOST PERFECT CREATION. . THEY ARE CRUEL, HAVE NO MORALS, NO BELIEFS AND NO LAWS.....THEY ARE SURVIVORS AND THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH

©JOSE QUIT
J.A. SEGURA.

¡BAM!
BANG!
¡BAM!
BANG!
2

I'M VERY SORRY, ALACRAN, THE GAME IS OVER FOR YOU


BAAHOOOHHH

THERE IS ONE LAST THING THAT YOU HAVE TO DO FOR ME

THEY SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN... I'VE LEFT A REALLY NICE TRAIL FOR THEM THAT THEY'LL BE DELIGHTED TO FOLLOW. AT LEAST I HOPE SO

SHIT! WE'VE HIT HIM!!

DON'T BE SO SURE, SON HE'S AN OLD DOG AND HE KNOWS ALL THE TRICKS

YOU CAN PROCLAIM VICTORY AS SOON AS HIS HEAD IS FIRMLY PLACED UPON A STAKE OVER YOUR SISTER'S GRAVE.

LET'S GO AFTER HIM... AND BE READY FOR ANYTHING.

4

YOU SEE... WE ONLY HIT THE HORSE

LET'S CUT HIM UP. IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO WASTE ALL THAT GOOD MEAT

LOOK AT THIS, FATHER... HE'S WOUNDED... HE'S LOSING MORE BLOOD THAN A BULL WHOSE THROAT'S BEEN SPLIT

HE CAN'T GO VERY FAR LIKE THAT... LET'S HOPE HE BLEEDS TO DEATH BEFORE WE...

DON'T SAY THAT, FATHER... I WANT TO HAVE THE PLEASURE OF FINISHING HIM OFF

BAMS!

BAMS!

DON'T GO OUT INTO THE OPEN. HE COULD BE WAITING

A FEW MINUTES LATER HE'S REACHED THE RIVER.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR THAT PIG. . HE'S PROBABLY THINKING THAT NOBODY WILL HAVE THE GUTS TO FOLLOW HIM INTO THE FOREST. BUT I WILL

FORGET ABOUT THAT, SON I LOVE YOU TOO MUCH TO LET YOU RISK YOUR LIFE.... I DON'T WANT HIM TO KILL YOU AS HE DID LOUIS

YOU HEARD YOUR BROTHER'S PLAN...GO FIND HIM!

WHY ME? YOU KNOW I'M A COWARD... I'M THE WORST OF ALL YOUR SONS THE GARBAGE

FOR THAT VERY REASON... I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU... I'VE NEVER CARED... STICK YOUR NECK OUT! SHOW ME THAT **YOU'RE** A MAN!!

I HATE YOU I HATE YOU AND ONE DAY I'LL KILL YOU, FATHER

6

IF I COULD MANAGE TO CROSS THE RIVER AND GET TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CITY, I'D WIN THIS ROUND OF THE GAME.

STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE MAN ONE MORE STEP AND ... SHOOT

OKAY, FATSO... WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? I'M NOT ABOUT TO PRAY AND I DON'T SMOKE.... SO SHOOT AND LEAVE ME IN PEACE

YOU YOU KILLED MY SISTER MARIA.

DON'T COME TO ME WITH THESE STORIES WE SLEPT TOGETHER AND WE BOTH ENJOYED THAT WHY SHOULD I WANT TO KILL HER?

KEEP YOUR HAND AWAY FROM THAT RIFLE. KEEP IT AWAY!

CALM DOWN, FATSO.

IF YOU WERE SURE THAT I HAD REALLY DONE IT, YOU WOULD HAVE SHOT ME ALREADY... YOU KNOW THAT I'M NOT A VERY CONSCIENTIOUS GUY, BUT RAPING YOUR SISTER IS NOT PART OF MY REPETORY. BECAUSE MARIA WAS RAPED.

7

YOU WERE THE LAST ONE WHO SAW HER YES, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU YOU DID IT!

WAIT I WAS A DEFENSELESS MERCY SHE HAD A KNIFE UNDERNEATH HER NAILS AND SOMETHING MORE... THIS MEDAL IN HER HAND IF YOU KNOW WHO THE OWNER IS THEN YOU KNOW WHO KILLED HER

BANG!

BANG!

I'M SORRY, FATHER... I GOT HERE LATE.. FORGIVE ME

LET HIM ALONE, FATHER

YOU DAMNED COWARD!

YOU WON'T GAIN ANYTHING BY HITTING HIM. HE DID WHAT HE COULD

WE WILL CROSS THE RIVER AT THE BRIDGE.... WE WON'T REST UNTIL WE HAVE AVENGED THE DEATH OF OUR DEAR ONES...I SWEAR IT!

9

I DON'T KNOW WHY THE HELL HE LET ME GO, AND I DIDN'T BOTHER TO ASK. I WAS HAPPY JUST TO BE ALIVE AND TO HAVE TIME TO PUT SOME DISTANCE BETWEEN MYSELF AND BRONCO'S GANG

GUEEE...ENNGUEEE

ENNGUEEE

GUEEE

YOU CHOSE A BAD TIME TO BE BORN, LITTLE ONE.. FROM WHAT I CAN SEE, YOUR PARENTS HAVE ALREADY DECIDED THAT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE A FUTURE AND AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, I HAVE A HARD ENOUGH TIME JUST STAYING ALIVE TO FEEL COMPASSION FOR ANYONE

QUIET LITTLE ONE WHAT'S ALL THIS FRENDLINESS?

I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T LIKE WHAT GOES ON IN THIS DISGUSTING WORLD SO IT'S BETTER THAT I HELP YOU LEAVE IT BEFORE THE RATS GET TO YOU
11

GODDAMN IT!!

I'VE JUST DONE SOMETHING THAT I'LL REGRET THE REST OF MY LIFE

I GUESS I'M NOT AS TOUGH AS I THOUGHT WAS

A FEW HOURS LATER....

IN TEN MINUTES HE'LL BE WITHIN RANGE

LET ME GO AFTER HIM, FATHER... I'LL CIRCLE BEHIND HIM...HE'LL BE CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO FIRES..

FORGET IT!

YOU'RE REALLY SLOW, FATHER... DIEGO WANTS TO KILL THAT MAN HIMSELF BECAUSE HE CAN'T RISK THAT THE MAN MIGHT TALK TO YOU...ISN'T THAT SO, BROTHER?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

MARIA HAD BLOOD UNDERNEATH HER NAILS... SHE SCRATCHED WHOEVER KILLED HER AND THE MAN HAS NO SCRATCHES ON HIM... THE MAN ONLY HAD THIS MEDALLION THAT HE TOOK FROM HER HANDS... SHE PULLED IT OFF THE MURDERERS NECK....

13

THIS IS YOURS... TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT.

CALM DOWN, FATHER. . FATSO IS LYING... HE STOLE THAT MEDAL FROM ME... HE HATES ME BECAUSE I'M YOUR FAVORITE... HE SET ME UP....

LET ME SEE YOUR CHEST, TRAITOR..

NOOOOOO...

BANG!

YOU CAN START TO WORRY NOW, LITTLE ONE... IF THIS SHOT IS FOR ME YOU'LL SOON FIND YOURSELF WITH NO ONE TO WIPE YOUR NOSE.

14

WHY DID YOU DO IT? ...SHE WAS YOUR SISTER...

AHHH.... YOU TAUGHT ME TO ALWAYS TAKE WHAT I WANTED... "THIS WORLD IS A JUNGLE... ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE NO HEART WILL SURVIVE"... THAT'S WHAT YOU TAUGHT ME... AND I WANTED THAT BITCH OF A SISTER MORE THAN ANY-THING...

AREN'T YOU PROUD OF ME, FATHER.? ...AREN'T YOU... AHHHH

MY GOD... WHAT HAVE WE BECOME?... WAS THAT WHAT YOU LEARNED FROM ME. FROM ME!??

TOO MANY SHOTS FOR MY TASTE. I STARTED TO RUN... BRONCO WOULD NOT STOP UNTIL HE FOUND ME.. UNTIL HE COULD AVENGE HIMSELF. THE LITTLE ONE WAS AS HEAVY AS LEAD IN MY ARMS... I RAN, HATING BRONCO AND HIS STUPID REVENGE. REVENGE FOR WHAT?

15

THE END

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HM87

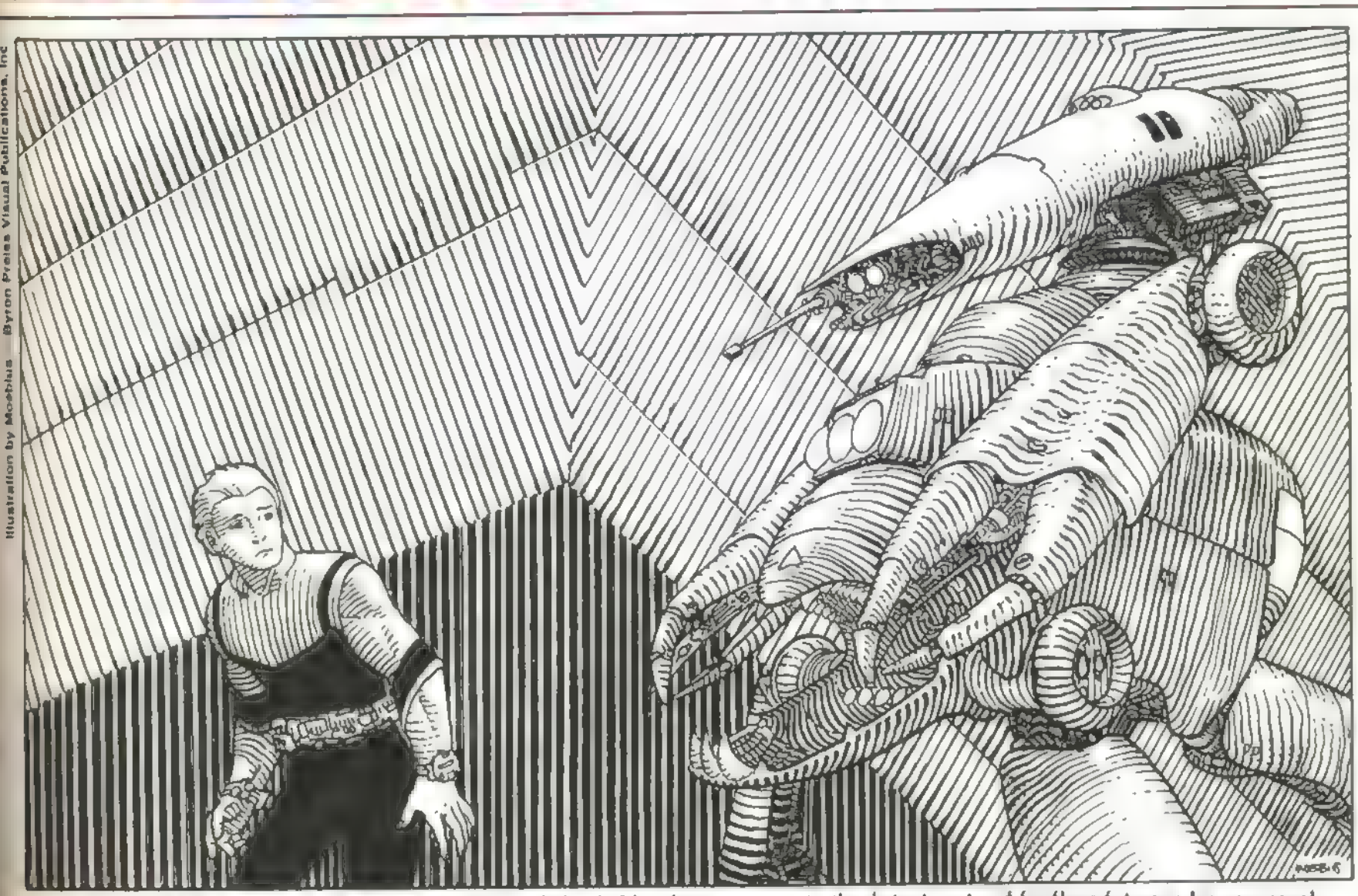


Illustration by Moebius Byron Preiss Visual Publications, Inc.

Robert Silverberg follows Earth's first time travelers on their mind-bending voyages into the distant past and far-flung future in his new novel *Project Pendulum* (Walker and Company). Illustrated by Moebius, this Byron Preiss book is due out in the fall.

NO RESPECT

MIGUELANXO PRADO '86

SHE'S A STRUMPET IF I EVER SAW ONE. I'M TELLING YOU, NOT BECAUSE I WANT TO GOSSIP, BUT BECAUSE I KNOW THAT YOU CAN TELL IT'S THE TRUTH

LOOK AT THAT PRETTY BEACH DOWN THERE

THE YELLOW ONE?

NO, THE BLUE ONE

COME ON, PERDITA, SIT DOWN, WOMAN WE CAN ALL FIT PERFECTLY WELL

THINK SO?

LOOK AT HOW ROOMY IT IS AND THIS YOUNG MAN IS LEAVING

HEY LADY! STOP PUSHING 'CAUSE I'M AHHH!

YOU'VE GOT SOME GAL, YOU OLD FOSSILS! MAYBE YOU'D ALSO LIKE TO READ MY MAGAZINE? OR MAYBE YOU'D LIKE ME TO BRING YOU A VERMOUTH?

BUT, WHAT IS HE SAYING? ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?

¡UY!

YOU RAPSCALLION YOU DISRESPECTFUL LOUT!

PLEASE DON'T PROVOKE ME FURTHER, LADY

I COULDN'T HELP BUT WITNESS THAT UNPLEASANT SCENE, LADIES THAT NEER DO-WELL WILL HAVE TO PAY FOR IT

IT WAS VERY UNPLEASANT, SIR

SIR, I HOPE YOU REALIZE THAT YOU HAVE BEHAVED VERY BADLY YOU SHOULD GO OFFER YOUR APOLOGIES TO THOSE THREE LADIES

AS FAR AS I'M CONCEARNED, THOSE LADIES SHOULD BE FED POISONED MEAT

LISTEN TO ME, YOU MORON, I'M GOING TO BRILLO THAT SMUG LOOK RIGHT OFF YOUR FACE IF YOU DON'T GO OVER THERE RIGHT THIS MINUTE!

FORGET ABOUT ME AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

I THINK IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE THOSE GUYS ARE FIGHTING BECAUSE OF US AND THAT EMBARASSES ME

WE COULD GO SEE A MOVIE WHAT DO YOU THINK GIRLS?

WE COULD SEE RAMBO!

A WONDERFUL IDEA, ABELARDE

AHURGHHH!

TUMB

MIGUELANXO '86

YOU IGNORANT BOY! BE CAREFUL! YOU NEARLY KILLED US! YOU'RE MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE PLAGUE MONSTER!

THEY SHOULDN'T LET VANDALS LIKE THIS ONE INTO THE PARK

YOU DELINQUENT! IF YOU WANT TO CREATE HAVOC, GO BACK TO YOUR HOUSE!

CALM DOWN, ABELARDE DON'T OVER-EXERT YOURSELF

HEAVENS!

OW!

—RADO '86—

HELL, LOOK AT WHAT THEY DID TO HIM!

THE PEOPLE WHO REALLY DESERVE A CANING ARE THOSE CRAZY MOTHERS. I REALLY WONDER WHAT THEY DO INSTEAD OF LOOKING AFTER THEIR KIDS

COME ON MAN, GET UP!

OUCH!

IT'S NO SURPRISE IF THEY END UP LIKE THIS. NO MORALS OR RESPECT FOR THEIR ELDERS. JUST A BUNCH OF ANIMALS. THEY SHOULD PUT THEM IN A SPECIAL PRISON WITH THE PIGS!

WE SHOULD HURRY UP OR WE'LL NEVER GET TO THE MOVIE HOUSE. LET'S CROSS

THE LIGHT IS RED

LET'S GO NOW THAT THE MOTORCYCLE HAS STOPPED!

OY OH A CAR IS COMING

QUICK RUN

SHIT

THE GUY IN THE MOTORCYCLE WAS COMING AT TOP SPEED--THEY ARE ALL PERVERTS, THESE MOTORCYCLISTS--AND THE CAR WAS ALSO GOING FAST THEY JUMPED THE LIGHT, THEY NEARLY KNOCKED US DOWN AND

I'M SURE THEY WERE ON DRUGS OR SOMETHING

YES

OH DEAR, LOOK AT THAT LINE WHAT A BOTHER!

DON'T YOU WORRY JUST WAIT HERE FOR A MOMENT

HEY LADY, STAND IN LINE, JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE!

THERE GOES THAT CHEAT!

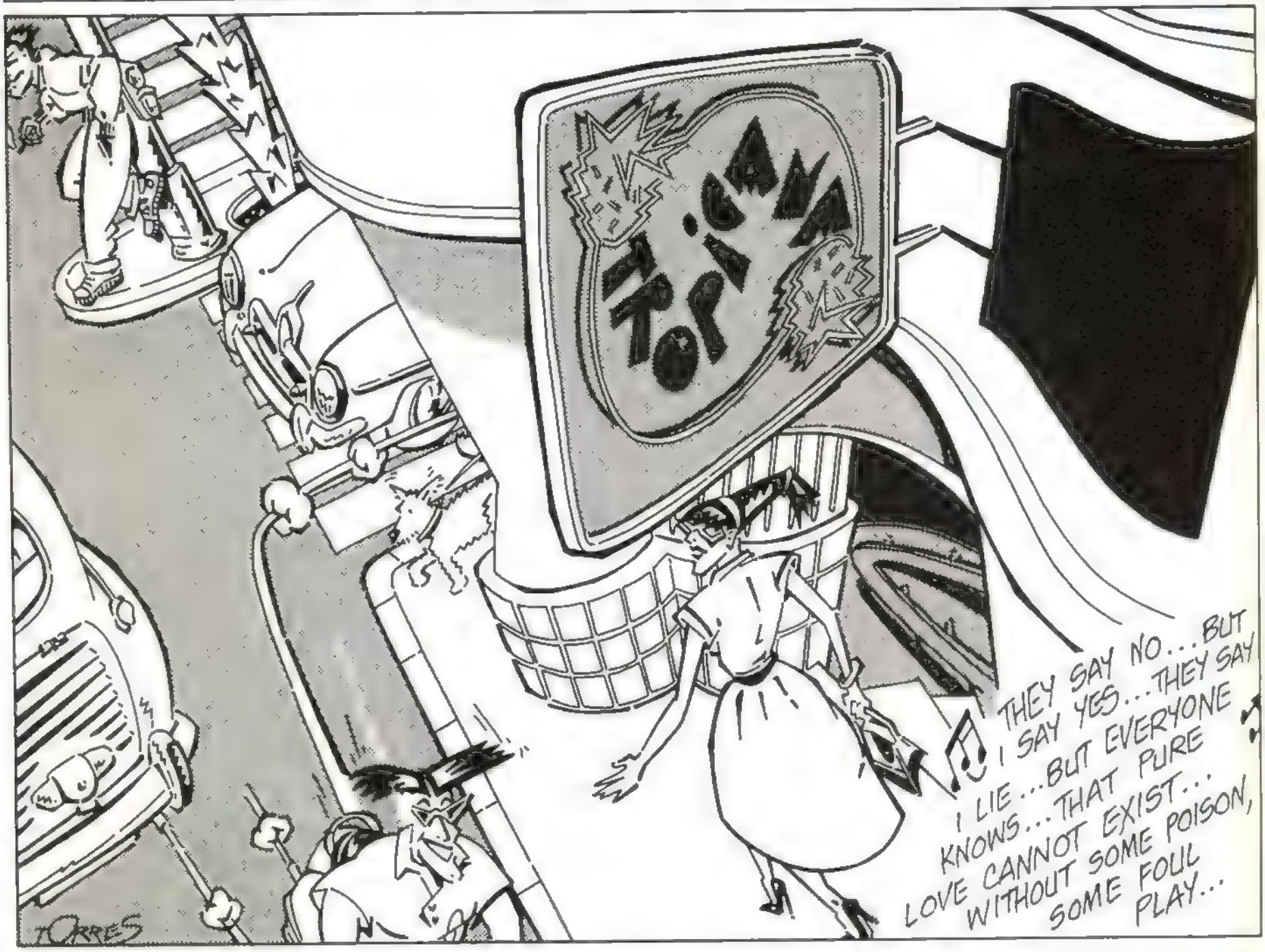
PLEASE FORGIVE ME, DIDN'T SEE THE LINE COULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO GIVE ME THREE TICKETS?

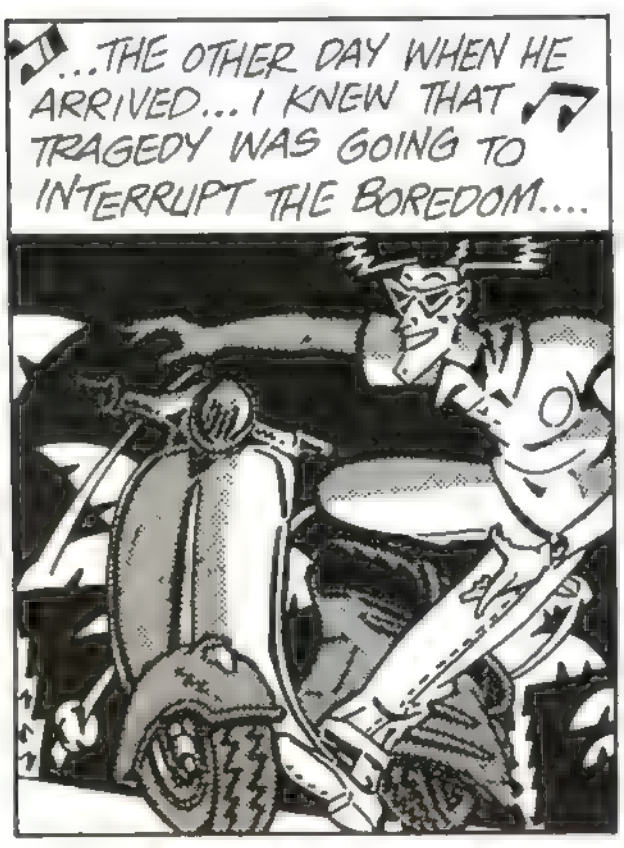
HEY!

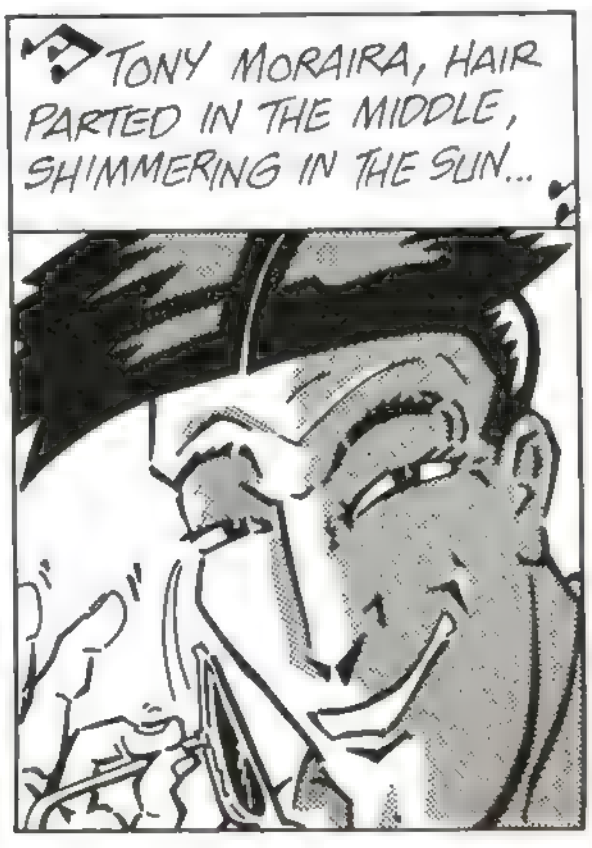
THE END

TROPICANA

A Poisonous but Sentimental Dance


TROPICANA
THEY SAY NO...BUT I SAY YES...THEY SAY I LIE...BUT EVERYONE KNOWS...THAT PURE LOVE CANNOT EXIST... WITHOUT SOME POISON, SOME FOUL PLAY...
TORRES





....WHERE EVERY NIGHT HE PLAYS THE SAXOPHONE... WITH AN ORCHESTRA PEOPLE LOVE TO LISTEN TO... HE SINGS ABOUT LOVE, MESSY RELATIONSHIPS AND PASSIONATE AFFAIRS... WITHOUT KNOWING THAT HIS WORDS AWAKEN NEW PASSIONS... BUT THIS KID ONLY THINKS ABOUT GLORY... THOUGH HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT HE WASN'T BORN TO WIN....

HE GLANCES 'ROUND THE JOINT... WITHOUT SEEING THE PERSON HE IS LOOKING FOR...

THE BOSS IS IN THERE, COUNTING.

DETERMINED YET RESPECTFUL HE WALKS INTO THE BACK OFFICE ... WHERE RICO MALARRASA WATCHES HIM COME IN.

...DEADLY EYES, HAIR PLASTERED AND GLINTING AT ALL TIMES... TWO THICK LIPS CLOSED AROUND A GOLD CIGARETTE HOLDER...

FOR THIS GOODLOOKER LIFE HOLDS NO MORE SECRETS... 'CAUSE HE'S THE OWNER OF ALL THE LOCAL 'CROPS'... NO ONE GETS HIGH IN THE CITY WITHOUT HIS PERMISSION... 'CAUSE HE CONTROLS ALL THE DRUG TRAFFIC....

TONY, THE KID, KNOWS WHAT RICO IS ABOUT ....ALAS, FOR THE REASON HE ADMIRES THE SLEAZE....

IT'S OKAY. YOU CAN BRING HER TO WORK HERE...

...SHE CAN START TOMORROW AS A WAITRESS IN THE BAR....

...SILK STOCKINGS, MINI-SKIRT AND LOW HEELS... THAT'S ALL SHE NEEDS FOR THIS KIND OF WORK....

RICO, LIFE IS UNCERTAIN AND WITHOUT YOUR HELP MY GOOD LUCK WOULDN'T LAST...

IT'S THE GIRL THAT TONY WANTS TO MARRY.... SHE'S GOT A JOB, BUT IT DOESN'T PAY THE RENT....

IT'S TIME FOR THE KID TO GET UP TO PLAY HIS SAX ....HE BLOWS OUT HIS FAVORITE SONG..HE'S HAPPY....

IT'S JUST LIKE WHEN I MET HER...

...AND I TOOK HER AWAY FROM HER LOUSY LIFE...WITHOUT A THOUGHT FOR MYSELF...

...HIS WORDS DRAG SHADOWS ONTO THE DANCE FLOOR....BUT NOBODY GUESSES THAT HIS SONG TELLS THE TRUTH....

YES, MY FRIENDS, HIS GIRLFRIEND IS A PROTAGONIST...

...SHE WAS A PROSTITUTE DOING THE BEST BEAT IN THE CITY...SHE HAD A PIMP WHO BEAT HER.... FOR THE SMALLEST THINGS...

SHE MEETS TONY AND LEFT HER PROFESSION... IT'S OBVIOUS THAT IT WAS AN OVERWHELMING PASSION...

...SHE GOES TO SCHOOL, FINDS A JOB, STARTS A NEW LIFE... THIS CANNOT END WELL, 'CAUSE SHE'S CHANGED HER WHOLE LIFE.

YOU'LL LIKE RICO. OUR LIFE WILL CHANGE...

HER NAME IS PURI MANZANARES...AND HER FACE HOLDS NO TRACE OF HER PAST...

...THEY ARRIVE AT THE CLUB AND AS THEY PARK THEY SEE RICO, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET, GETTING OUT OF HIS CAR....

WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN... SPARKS! THUNDER AND LIGHTNING! ...WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? WHAT'S GOING ON WITH HER?

...TONY, HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE, DOESN'T NOTICE... AND INTRODUCES THEM TO EACH OTHER....

THE GRIP IS TOO TIGHT, THE CIGARETTE TREMBLES SLIGHTLY, AND THE LOOK WISHES IT COULD KILL... BUT, ALAS, THE GIRL STILL DOESN'T FEEL UNWELCOME..

...AND THE REASON, GENTLEMEN, IS THAT OF THE TWELVE GIRLS RICO USED TO PIMP FOR ... SHE WAS THE BEST...

...TIME HAS A WAY OF MAKING YOU FORGET MOST UNPLEASANT THINGS...

BUT THERE ARE PLEASURES NOT EVEN CENTURIES CAN ERASE....

...AND WHEN I GET YOU ALONE, I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU SUCH A LESSON!

...THE GIRL'S PAST CATCHES UP WITH HER, ALL OF A SUDDEN... AND RICO REMINDS HER OF LIFE IN THE STREET WHICH SHE MISSED: BLOWS, SIRENS, THE POLICE....

THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU MAKE FUN OF ME, LADY....

...DAYS GO BY, AND THEN A WHOLE MONTH, AND TONY KEEPS ASKING HIMSELF: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH PURI?... HE BEGINS TO GUESS THE TRUTH...

I KNEW SOMETIME AGO THAT SHE WOULD FORGET ALL THAT I'VE TOLD HER...

...AND ONE NIGHT TONY FINDS THE TRAITORS TOGETHER WHEN THEY THINK HE IS SINGING HIS SONG....

...I FIND HER IN YOUR ARMS... IT'S JUST ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE STORY OF MY FAILURES....

...A BLADE GLITTERS OMINOUSLY IN THE AIR... ALAS, GENTLEMEN, SOON THIS SONG WILL BE ENDING...

ONLY BLOOD CAN WASH AWAY BETRAYAL!

FIF

The Great Chief of the Seattle Tribe Answers the Powerful White Man's Request to Buy the Indians' Land

by Moebius

HOW CAN THE SKY HAVE A PRICE OR THE WARMTH OF THE EARTH IT IS A CONCEPT WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND

FOR MY PEOPLE EVERY LITTLE CORNER OF THIS LAND IS SACRED. A GLEAMING PINE NEEDLE, A SANDY RIVER BANK, THE LIGHT MIST IN THE MIDST OF A DARK FOREST. EVERY-THING IS SACRED IN THE EYES AND IN THE MEMORY OF MY PEOPLE

THE SAP RISING IN THE TREE BRINGS WITH IT THE MEMORY OF THE RED INDIANS, AND THE SPARKLING WATER IN OUR STREAMS AND RIVERS IS THE BLOOD OF OUR ANCESTORS.

IF WE SELL OUR LAND YOU MUST NEVER FORGET THAT IT IS SACRED.

WE KNOW THAT FOR THE WHITE MAN, LAND IS EITHER A SLAVE OR AN ENEMY! IN HIS EYES, ONE CORNER OF THE LAND IS LIKE ANOTHER . HE COMES IN THE NIGHT AND TAKES FROM THE LAND ALL HE NEEDS, THEN HE LEAVES. HE DEPRIVES HIS CHILDREN OF THE REAL RICHES, BUT HE DOESN'T CARE

HE TREATS THE EARTH, HIS MOTHER, AND THE SKY, HIS FATHER, AS THINGS THAT CAN BE BOUGHT, LOOTED OR SOLD, JUST LIKE COLORED BEADS.

HIS APPETITE WILL DEVOUR THE EARTH AND LEAVE IT A DESERT.
I REALLY DON'T KNOW. OUR CUSTOMS ARE SO DIFFERENT FROM YOURS. THE SIGHT OF A CITY MAKES US INDIANS SICK. MAYBE BECAUSE WE ARE SAVAGES AND WE DON'T UNDERSTAND.

THERE IS NO PEACE IN THE WHITE MAN'S CITIES; NOWHERE CAN YOU HEAR THE LEAVES GROWING IN THE SPRING OR INSECTS RUBBING THEIR WINGS.

IN THE CITIES, THE NOISE IS AN OUTRAGE TO A MAN'S EARS

WHAT IS THERE LEFT IN LIFE IF ONE CANNOT HEAR THE CRY OF THE GOATSUCKER AND THE FROGS CROAKING ALL NIGHT NEAR THE SWAMP?

MOEBIUS

THE INDIAN PREFERS THE SWEET SOUND OF THE WIND AND ITS SMELL CLEANSED BY THE MID-DAY RAIN OR PERFUMED BY THE PINES. THE WHITE MAN NEVER SEEMS TO NOTICE THE AIR HE BREATHES... JUST LIKE A DYING MAN, HE CANNOT RECOGNIZE SMELLS.

IF WE SELL YOU OUR LAND YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT THE AIR IS INFINITELY PRECIOUS, AND THAT THE SPIRIT OF THE AIR IS IN ALL LIVING THINGS.

THE WIND WHICH MADE OUR ANCESTORS BREATHE FOR THE FIRST TIME, WILL ALSO RECEIVE THEIR LAST LOOK.

AND IF WE SELL YOU OUR LAND YOU HAVE TO KEEP IT INTACT AND SACRED... A PLACE WHERE MAN CAN RECOGNIZE THE TASTE OF THE WIND.

I WILL CONSIDER YOUR OFFER.

BUT ON ONE CONDITION.

THE WHITE MAN MUST TREAT THE ANIMALS WHO LIVE ON THIS LAND LIKE HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

I AM A WILD MAN, AND I DO NOT KNOW ANY OTHER WAY OF LIVING.... I HAVE SEEN MILLIONS OF BUFFALO LYING ROTTING ON THE PRAIRIE, LEFT THERE BY THE WHITE MAN WHO KILLED THEM WITH A PASSING TRAIN.

I AM A WILD MAN, I KNOW, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY AN IRON HORSE THAT BLOWS SMOKE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE BUFFALO WHICH WE ONLY KILL FOR REASONS OF SURVIVAL.

WHAT IS MAN WITHOUT ANIMALS?

ALL THAT HAPPENS TO ANIMALS WILL HAPPEN TO MEN-- EVERYTHING IS TIED TOGETHER.

YOU MUST TEACH YOUR CHILDREN THAT THE LAND IS THEIR MOTHER, AND ALL THAT HAPPENS TO HER HAPPENS TO US AND TO ALL OF EARTH'S CHILDREN.

IF A MAN SPITS ON THE GROUND, HE SPITS ON HIMSELF.

S.A.A.W.

MAN DID NOT WEAVE THE EARTH'S CANVAS, HE IS ONLY ONE OF THE THREADS.

THE WHITE MAN HAS A GOD WHO WALKS WITH HIM AS A FRIEND... BUT THAT DOESN'T EXEMPT HIM FROM OUR COMMON DESTINY.

MOEBIUS 77 B

WHEN THE LAST MAN WILL HAVE DISAPPEARED FROM THE EARTH AND WHEN THE MEMORY OF HIS EXISTENCE WILL BE LIKE A SHADOW FLITTING OVER THE PRAIRIE, THE FORESTS AND THE RIVERS WILL KEEP THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHERS' SPIRITS, BECAUSE THEY LOVE THIS LAND LIKE THE NEWBORN LOVES THE HEARTBEAT OF HIS MOTHER.

IF WE SELL YOU OUR LAND, LOVE IT AS WE HAVE LOVED IT; TAKE CARE OF IT AS WE HAVE DONE, AND TREAT THE ANIMALS AS IF THEY WERE YOUR SISTERS.

BECAUSE IF EVERYTHING WERE TO DISAPPEAR...

...MAN WOULD DIE OF SO MUCH SPIRITUAL LONELINESS.

AFTER ALL, WE ARE BROTHERS AND SISTERS; AND OUR GOD IS THE SAME GOD YOU THINK BELONGS ONLY TO YOU, AS YOU WISH THIS LAND BELONGED TO YOU ALSO.... THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

...HE IS THE GOD OF ALL MEN... AND SHOWS THE SAME COMPASSION TOWARD ALL MEN... WHITE OR RED.

THE EARTH IS PRECIOUS TO HIM. TO TREAT HER BADLY IS LIKE TREATING HIM BADLY.

THE WHITE MEN WILL ALSO PASS. MAYBE EVEN FASTER THAN OTHER TRIBES.

AS WE DIE OUT, YOU SHINE... LIT UP BY THE STRENGTH OF THE GOD WHO BROUGHT YOU ON THIS EARTH AND WHO, FOR SOME SPECIAL PURPOSE, PERMITTING YOU TO DOMINATE THE INDIANS.

WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS DESTINY. IT IS MYSTERIOUS FOR US... WE CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY ALL THE BUFFALOS WERE MASSACRED.

WHY THE WILD HORSES WERE TAMED AND WHY THE MOST SACRED OF THE FOREST GLADES ARE FULL OF THE SMELL OF MAN.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO OUR THICKETS? THEY HAVE DISAPPEARED.

AND WHERE IS THE GREAT EAGLE? HE HAS ALSO DISAPPEARED.

WE ARE AT THE END OF LIFE AND AT THE BEGINNING OF SURVIVAL.

WE WANT YOUR MONEY!

Photo by Michael Renchiwich

A Berni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. $9.00
_____ small _____ medium _____ large

B The **original Heavy Metal T-shirt** comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. The essential HM product. **$7.50**
_____ small _____ medium
_____ large _____ red _____ black

C *Heavy Metal*'s pride and joy, our silver, satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too. Hipper than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **$36.00**.
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D **Heavy Metal's phosphorescent T-shirt**. These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to bed and you won't need a nite-lite to find your way to the bathroom. **$8.00**
_____ small _____ medium
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E Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal all-cotton sweatshirt**. Wear it to the gym or to your fave dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultra-chic image. **$15.95**.
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_____ small _____ medium _____ large
_____ ex-large

Keep your pants up with a **Heavy Metal belt buckle**. It's 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt. Also deflects alien laser guns. **$10.95**

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All prices above include postage and handling.

If you don't wish to cut the page out, but do wish to order, please print or type all applicable info on a separate piece of paper, and enclose it with a check or money order. After all, you wouldn't take scissors to the Mona Lisa, would you?

Moebius's magnificent Indian tale!

Thomas Edison is back (where did he go?) as told to Rick Geary

Yves Chaland's gothic adventure starring Freddy Lombard!